

NEW YORK

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NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882. 698171

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BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

At the Theatres.



The Two Orphans, revived at the Fifth Avenue Monday night, was a disappointment. There was a crowded Christmas audience, inclined to applaud everything that offered the slightest excuse for pleasant demonstration of that kind. The cast was strong in names, but it did not give the melodrama an adequate representation. Miss Claxton's Louise and Mr. Stevenson's Chevalier were as excellent as usual, though the former is somewhat given to whining and the latter has grown too beefy to be a satisfactory *jeune premier*. Mrs. Wilkins' Frochard has lost nothing in vigor since it first contributed to the remarkable success of the Orphans at the Square. Henriette Vaders was admirable as Henriette and Kate Meek sufficiently emotional as the Countess. Marie Lewes made a good Marianne. J. W. Shannon's Doctor was a sterling piece of acting. Donald Robertson as Pierre did excellent work, and Edward Arnot's Jacques was entirely satisfactory. The rest of the cast was mediocre.

Although great things were promised in the way of scenery, we were unable to discover a single new set. Many of the scenes were shabby, and the furniture looked as if it had been used since the days of Noah and his ark. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights the receipts dropped somewhat.

John A. Stevens appropriately chose Christmas week for presenting himself in Unknown at the Windsor Theatre. He opened to a packed house, and the play, which was admirably played and mounted, went with a vim. Called before the curtain, Mr. Stevens thanked his patrons for their favor and wished them the compliments of the season. On Tuesday evening the theatre, though of course less crowded, bore evidence of large returns at the box-office.

Tony Pastor's Annual Jubilee at the Academy on Monday was a big success. The excellent company of vaudeville and variety actors were rapturously received, and Mr. Pastor himself got a regular ovation. At his theatre next door there was a correspondingly large assemblage, which was treated to the same bill as the people in the Academy. The profits of the day and evening must have footed up \$2,500.

Old Heads is drawing good houses at Wallack's, and will probably remain the bill until The Silver King is ready, three weeks hence. Mr. Cathart gave out the scene models Tuesday, and he will begin rehearsing the company next Monday. The play, although it calls for no auxiliaries, requires careful stage direction. Its scenic opportunities are great, and two elaborate mechanical changes will be introduced. It has made a bit in England, and its merit rests on its duplicating the foreign success of Messrs. Wallack and Moss.

Frou-Frou is one of Modjeska's best parts, and on Tuesday night she played it magnificently. Booth's, though not crowded, was well filled. The star's acting aroused frequent and enthusiastic applause. Barrymore was an excellent De Sartorys. Norman Forbes as Paul, Mr. Griffiths as Brigard, W. F. Owen as the Baron and Maude Milton as Louise gave entire satisfaction. The scenery was good. Frou-Frou will be acted all the week.

On Monday next Modjeska will be seen for the first time in Odette—her greatest London success. Sardou's magnificent play has not yet been presented in New York with a leading actress capable of assuming the chief character, and the event will therefore possess something of the interest attending the production of a new piece.

Denman Thompson's business at Haverly's continues to be good. Next week Emmet comes here in Fritz Among the Gypsies.

The Rantaus will give way to A Parisian Romance, Feuille's last play, at the Square, on Monday week.

The Three Wishes, at the Alcazar, is not drawing much money to that establishment. A change of fortune ought to take place when Mr. Hickey changes the house into a beautiful theatre.

McSorley's Inflation is doing probably the best business of anything in town just now. The Comique is filled nightly.

How Square: Young Mrs. Winthrop—singing, songs, jokes and fun galore, —a musical company in town in The only a few nights more.—Nihil's.

Taken from Life, superceded Monday by The White Slave.—Thalia: fine performance of the Princess of Treblonde.—Grand Opera House: Lotta, as the Little Detective. Next Monday, The Florences in Dombey and Son.

The Musical Mirror.

Christmas week is not prolific in musical matters, save and except the services in the churches, which are not susceptible of criticism in that they are, for the most part, on a level of merit—not very high, to be sure, but still high enough to secure recognition from those who are fond of sacred music of not too severe a class. In fact, the almost universal practice that obtains in this city of quartette choirs precludes the possibility of really fine sacred music, the very essence of which is the antiphon, or alternation of voices, an effect which is of necessity lost when there is only one to each part. To be sure, a faint attempt is made at Trinity and other Episcopal and Catholic churches; but whether from parsimony or lack of singers, the decani and cantories sides of the choir, taken together, would not make more than one division worthy of the name, and in the churches with quartette choirs it is simply absurd to call the performance by any other name than a sacred concert. Antiphon is the parent of canon, fugue and all other musical figures which depend upon imitation, and without the parent the offspring is naught. The same vice that spoils our operas extends to our choirs. We will have stars; consequently we must pay singers with trade-marks enormous salaries which consume all the funds appropriated for music, to the utter exclusion of the lesser lights of chorus and semi-chorus. The great mass writers use always a quartette of solo singers contrasted by a full choir. We have the soloists, but we let the chorists go. Just as we pay Patti thousands and scrip the other parts. We are all for display; nothing for reality. Let any one with ears of the proper length listen to the choral service in a European cathedral, and contrast its full-volumed sounding with the meretricious tinkling of our fancy choirs, and he will perceive the justice of our remarks. There can be no truly sacred music without body and weight of tone. There can be no body and weight of tone without numbers. Four singers cannot do the work of twenty.

Scalchi is a fine contralto, there is no doubt of that; but when people compare her to Albani they simply talk nonsense. Scalchi cannot compare with Trebelli, Viardot, Garcia or Nantia-Didié; but she is an excellent singer with a grand voice, and we congratulate her upon her genuine and undoubted success. Patti's Semiramide is vocally exquisite; histrionically a mistake. She is too little to give a satisfactory impersonation of the Assyrian Queen, just as Lotta would be out of proportion as Lady Macbeth, and her soubretish coquetties are too "cunin" for the situations. Patti is peerless in light opera, but puny in grand opera service. Her Amina is a charm, her Semiramide a snare.

The orchestra and chorus have been very good all through the season. Ravelli is a very nice tenor; quite as good as we have any reason to expect. Galassi is a most satisfactory baritone; not a Badiali, nor a Tamburini; but very good. Several of the women have been capable, and the secondary men as good as Mendelson could afford. So why grumble? It has been better, but it might have been much worse. But heaven deliver us from any more phenomenal tenors. No more *atti d'estrano* and their loved ones.

There are worse fellows in the world than the fraternity of Typos; but they are trying to the patience of a writer sometimes, especially if his topic be technical. The writer on musical matters is subject to grave disturbances in the way of clerical errors. Fancy a sentence in which a movement of a symphony is described as *Allegro Furioso* being printed as "All legs and Funniments," a *Passe Concerto* appearing as "Patsy Corcoran," or a *Fuga in Sile Antico* transcribed as "Few on a stile and tickle 'em." We have seen *Mendelssohn* printed "Meddlesome," *Beethoven* changed to "Be at home," *Wagner* to "Wagoner," *Les Huguenots* to "less hickory nuts," and many other dislocations too numerous to mention—and we still live—and not only live but forgive our enemies and bless them that despitely use us, and misuse our copy; which for the most part is fairly writ, and such as "those who run can read"—for, we pride ourselves on our calligraphy, having modelled our style of penmanship on that example to all newspaper writers—the late lamented Horace Greeley, on whose name be peace.

We have before us a pamphlet setting forth the various merits of Herr Max Bruch, a German composer and conductor, who is to be steered through this country by Messrs. Lavine and Wolfsohn. Max Bruch is one of the foremost men of the day. His violin concerto in G Minor is the worthy successor to the great concerto by Mendelssohn, and certainly no one of the present time has approached it for strength and beauty. His Symphony in E Flat Major also puts him in the first rank of modern writers. As a vocal composer and director, Max Bruch stands unrivalled, and surely needs no charlatan advertising to herald his career in the United States. No man can better afford to stand upon his own merits than he can, and

we regret the mode that has been adopted to announce him.

When The Sorcerer will cease his charming we cannot say; but he is to be consigned to the Shades of Acheron to make room for another attraction. Paul and Virginia is the name of the new comer, and the parents are Solomon and Stephens. We wish the babe all good future.

The Casino will open on Saturday with all *atouts*—no more draughts, no more discomforts. The Queen's Lace Handkerchief will not be put to its natural use, in consequence of colds in the head among the audience, but will be fluttered gracefully by Miss Lily Post, to the delight of all beholders.

A Parisian Romance.

Meeting Mr. Cazauran yesterday afternoon, a reporter of THE MIRROR put a few questions to him concerning A Parisian Romance, Octave Feuillet's drama.

"When is the new play to be produced?"

"Mr. Palmer has decided on the eighth of January."

"Do the Parisian criticisms of the play seem to you to reflect it truly?"

"Some of them."

"Do you think it a great play?"

"I think it a most pleasing and interesting one, full of glitter, with here a laugh, there a tear, some wit and more sentiment; and it is clean as a whistle."

"But you do not think it a great play?"

"Great plays, in the true sense of the adjective, can on their own merits draw no public attention. Patti, I think, was the last one written. But the Parisian romance, if not a great play, is a very good one. It has a lesson which it does not preach as a sermon, but teaches by dramatic illustration. It teaches pretty much the lesson contained in Feuillet's Montjoye; but being more of a play and less of a study, it is a hundred-fold more attractive. I think it will prove interesting in the first act, and more than interesting in the last three."

"What is the principal character in the play?"

"That of the Baron de Chevalier."

"What is he?"

"A banker and financial speculator; a *bon vivant* and *roué*, a man with a very astute brain, strong appetites and the morality of Sir Harcourt Courty."

"He dies in the play?"

"Yes, in the fourth act. Overwork and dissipation kill him. He is struck down with a glass of champagne foaming in his hand, in the middle of a merry supper. The moral is trite enough; but trite as it is, it here is reflected with a dramatic force that gives it newness."

"Is not the play rather—rather Frenchy?"

"What do you mean by rather Frenchy?"

"Well, a little in the style of London Assurance or of Congreve's Way of the World."

"Not at all. There is not a line in it the most prurient of prudens would object to. The sympathy is evoked for the good in life, and the wicked are duly punished."

"We hear it is to be very elaborately presented?"

"The work imperatively requires that. The characters are placed in a wealthy *milieu*; one set of them, at least, Chevalier is, financially, a sort of French Jay Gould. The first act shows us a ball with half the people in the play present in costly costumes. The Targys, who give the ball are supposed to be millionaires three times over; and the city, Paris, Education, therefore, is unavoidable. The play fairly glitters from first to last."

"Who will play Chevalier?"

"Mr. Stoddard. The love story, which is a very good one indeed, is in the hands of Sara Jewett, Mr. de Belleville, Eleanor Carey and Joseph Whiting. While not at all the story of Frou-Frou, which was what you call 'Frenchy,' it yet recalls that story to the memory."

"Who play the comedy rôles?"

"Maude Harrison, Richard Mansfield (whom Mr. Palmer has added to the Union Square company), Miss Guion, Mr. Ramsay and Owen Fawcett. The characters are strongly, almost antithetically, contrasted."

"Does the management feel sure of its achieving a success?"

"You mean Mr. Palmer? My dear, sir, Mr. Palmer is a man who never feels sure of anything. He's a sort of theatrical De Witt, his favorite phrase being, 'It may be so.'"

"Well, what do you think?"

"I know it will be a regular Union Square Theatre 'howler.' Since I've been employed in that theatre, I never saw a play of whose success I felt so utterly confident. I'll stake my judgment on it—such as it is."

"What is to follow this play?"

"Next season."

A Mysterious Disappearance.

AURORA, Ill., Dec. 23.—Thursday night, after the performance of Widow Hedott by the Helen Coleman company, Frank Wynkoop, Miss Coleman's husband, told his wife that he was going out for a short time with a newspaper man. She went to the hotel and awaited his coming. As the small hours passed, she became nervously anxious. Morning dawned, but the absent one failed to materialize, and has not put in an appearance up to this time.

To-day, Miss Coleman, accompanied by Miss

Raymond, called on THE MIRROR representative and made a statement in regard to the existing trouble. She said that for some time past the company had been playing to ruinous business, and that two members, Fannie Sinclair and Zelma Valdemir, had conspired against the management, causing trouble and dissension. This may have been the cause of Wynkoop's flight. Miss Coleman was strong in her protestation that her husband had not deserted her; that she knew of his whereabouts, and that he had been summoned by telegraph to the death-bed of his mother. Others incline to the opinion, however, that she knows nothing of the whereabouts of her liege lord, but, with true womanly instinct, is trying to shield him from censure.

Miss Coleman vows that after filling the engagement at Rockford, Ill., Christmas night, she will leave the stage for ever. Louise Raymond has acted with professional honor in her fidelity to Miss Coleman. She joins Collier's Lights of London company No. 1 the first of January. The company left for Batavia, Ill., to-day. All bills were paid in full. The company has been on the road since Sept. 7.

Fighting the Passion Play.

A large gathering attended at the Mayor's Office on Saturday to urge upon Mayor Grace the propriety of snuffing out Mr. Salmi Morse's candle. Morse was present, and gave a vivid description of the proposed Passion (?) Play. He said he would not present the Oberammergau version—he had reformed that play. There was to be no actor in the cast. He quoted Scripture and flung verses from the Bible at the opposing gentlemen until the Mayor's Office seemed to have been turned into a little Sunday-school. When Salmi was through his eulogy of the Passion, it really seemed that its production would do more to benefit religion than a dozen Spurgeons or Beechers.

L. L. Delafield, counsel for the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, however, began to ask trenchant questions, and Mr. Morse admitted that there was a dance for nuns in his play; not one of the short-skirted ballet dances, but a pure, religious sort of a breakdown, just like that danced in Eastern convents, which Salmi explained was quite the fashion there. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has been quite a traveler, said he had visited many Eastern convents, but had never seen any dancing by the nuns. The reverend gentleman said he was opposed to the production of the Passion Play, and struck the key-note when he exclaimed: "All the newspapers are opposed to it, and they represent public taste."

One and all of the prominent gentlemen present objected to the Mayor giving a license for the play. Then Salmi grew pathetic. "If you are Christians," he exclaimed, "for Christ's sake do not condemn my work unheard." Later on he said, dramatically: "Forgive them, father, for they know not what they do."

But when Mr. Delafield spoke of the published report of the gathering in response to an advertisement for a chorus, Salmi lost his orthodoxy and became slightly demonstrative. He called the man who wrote the report a liar, and discoursed angrily on the press comments. After he had subsided, Mr. Gerry of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, objected to the production because children were engaged, and he had been told, and felt back on his heels, that he had been told, "I am a libel."

"I am a libel," he said, "and I built that shrine for this kind of religious purposes, and it would break my heart to see anything else represented there." He next talked learnedly about camels, Golgotha, the Temple, Syria, etc. Mayor Grace would not consent to grant a license until he had heard further argument, and adjourned the hearing until to-day (Thursday), to allow Morse time to prepare a statement.

Professional Doings.

—The Herndon Comedy company closed season at Albany, Ga., Christmas night.

—W. H. Freer has concluded not to lease Music Hall, at Kingston, N. Y., for next season.

—Le Mars, Ia., is to have a spick and span new opera house—to be, of course, "the finest in the State."

—The Jersey City Academy was packed on Monday night from top to bottom. The day's receipts were \$1,300.

—Under the watchful care of his wife Jesse Williams is getting on nicely and will be fully recovered in a short time.

—"The Buchanan Comedy Company" is the name of a party that is playing Hazel Kirke in Minnesota without authority.

—Agnes Herndon received a large diamond brooch in the shape of a horseshoe on Christmas from Mrs. C. R. Gardiner.

—The company playing The World under Frank V. Hawley's management has been disbanded and the members are in town.

—The Knowles Dramatic company present Streets of New York in Torrington, Ct., on New Year's night.

—Myron W. Whitney, of the Boston Ideal Opera troupe, will sing in the Messiah, at the Music Hall, Cincinnati, to-night (Thursday).

—Carrie Turner has made such a hit in Hazel Kirke in Boston that the management propose to keep her in the part for some time.

—Edward Warren, of the Esmeralda companies, writes us from the wilds of Texas: "Our tour through this section has been attended by crowded and enthusiastic houses. The weather is delightfully warm and flowers are in full bloom. Picture it!" Mr. Warren plays the Marquis and is getting good notices.

—Only a few City the week to the theatre.

—W. F. Ca comedians.

of dr. Ope.

—Many man Christmas cards friends. Some several colors.

—A typograph ton's address 132 tisement last week been "182."

—A new Esmer engaged by the Ma has given readings hereabouts for a co.

—The lyric, dram were represented at tre the other evening Hauk, Dion Boulicca

—E. B. Brown, late Minstrels, has succeeded vance of Baum's Maid The latter has become man, St. Louis.

—Dan Frohman says the total re various Madison Square Theatre compa es on Christmas Day exceeded \$10,000. The largest was the Esmeralda company at Haverly's, Chicago.

—Brignoli's "indisposition" crops up fitfully, much to the disgust of Fannie Kellogg. On one or two occasions of late the refunding of ticket-money has been offered on account of the tenor's non-appearance.

—The other night, in a Southern town, Davy Crockett's drawl was a little more pronounced than usual. An impatient gallery boy caused a laugh by yelling the line to Mayo as though the actor had "stuck."

—The Girl that I Love made a great hit in St. Louis. Collins and Short secured it for two weeks in June for their Garden and the People's Theatre signed for their return there next season. The St. Louis press is loud in its praise.

—Lottie Clarke has received a letter from W. F. King, a Chicago agent, stating Edwin Clifford had written him a letter in which occurred the sentence: "I have no fault to find with Mrs. Clarke as an actress or a lady." This appears to refute Clifford's recent allegations.

—The Northwestern Esmeraldean contingent of the Madison Square opened the new \$80,000 Blake Opera House—the pride of Racine, Wis., consin—on Friday week last. The house is said to be one of the finest in the Northwest. It seats 1,200. J. H. Wood of Chicago is the architect.

—Watertown, N. Y., is making a determined effort to erect an opera house. The citizens have been called upon to buy tickets for the first entertainment to be given in the edifice—as yet in embryo. If the call is responded to liberally, the balance of the money needed will be raised by subscription.

—The Helen Coleman Comedy company is in a disrupted condition. After the performance in Aurora, Ill., last Thursday night, Frank Wynkoop (husband of Miss Coleman) informed his wife that he had an appointment with a newspaper man. Miss Coleman sat up all night at the hotel waiting for Frank; but at last accounts he had not turned up. Business for some time had been ruinously bad.

—Herr Ludwig Barnay, the celebrated German tragedian, arrived in this city on Thursday last, on the steamer *Herra*. He was welcomed by the members of the company of the Thalia Theatre, at which he is to begin an engagement next month. Herr Barnay is a tall, broad-shouldered man, of very dignified presence with expressive eyes, clear cut features, and long black hair. He is in his fourth year and has been on the stage since 1858. His reputation as a talented actor is excellent in Germany.

Christmas Compliments.

[Baltimore American.]

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is out, and is as full of readable matter as can be placed within its handsome covers. Among the articles are stories by the following well-known professionals and authors: John McCullough, Fred Lyster, Walter Pelham, of the Barton Opera company; Joaquin Miller, R. G. Moore, Jennie June, Henry Edwards, Sidney Cowell, Mary H. Fiske, Modjeska, Florence R. Pendar, Stephen Fiske, John Howson and Harrison Grey Fiske. The latter is the editor, and deserves much praise for his able management of this successful paper.

[Fort Wayne Daily Sentinel.]

The Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes to us this week, as usual, full of good things. Ably written articles by prominent members of the dramatic profession are the great features, as of former holiday numbers. Considered typographically and from a literary standpoint, THE MIRROR always stands at the front of the theatrical journals.

[Elihu (N. Y.) Gazette-Free Press.]

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has issued a Christmas number of twenty pages that is as handsome, though not so pretentious as some others, as any holiday publication we have seen. It is plentifully illustrated.

[The Richmond (Va.) State.]

The Christmas number of the New York MIRROR, one of the best dramatic papers published, is a very handsome paper, beautifully illustrated and filled with interesting reading matter.

[Montgomery (Ala.) Daily Advertiser.]

As the organ and faithful reflex of the drama in the United States, the NEW YORK MIRROR ranks among the very best, and is regarded by many as the head of the list. It has a corps of several hundred "out of town" correspondents, by whose reports the MIRROR is enabled to keep its readers advised of dramatic events at all the principal cities and towns of the Union. It has a popular and wide awake correspondent at Montgomery, who, as we have observed, takes notes of all occurrences in the dramatic line in this city. THE MIRROR is all respects a first-class paper of its kind.

The Mill Wheel's Song.

Hearst thou the mill wheel's song,
The ceaseless song it sings to me?
Before my window, near my door,
It whirls and sings forevermore.
At morning, noon, or gloaming hour,
Still speaks its mystic voice of power:
"Eternity! Eternity!"
So sings the wheel in its song to me.

When I am sad and weary and worn
With watching for the coming morn,
The long, still night gives never a sound,
Save that of the wheel in its ceaseless round,
As it whirls and whirls and sings to me:
"There is long rest for thee;
"Eternity! Eternity!"
This the song the wheel sings me.

Or oft at night when thunders crash,
And the sky grows pale with vivid flash,
The wheel whirls on an endless lay,
But sighing and moaning I hear it say:
"An end to the tempest of earth shall be,
"When death brings rest and peace to thee;
"Eternity! Eternity!"
This the dirge the wheel sings me.

When Time hath scattered hopes and fears,
And the sky grows pale with the snow of years,
The patient wheel of the mill will lend
This lesson to all who the past would mend:
"From thy burden! there waits for thee,
"From care and sorrow to set thee free,
"Eternity! Eternity!"
This the lesson the wheel sings me.

—B. F. HOBBS.

Gervais and Marguerite.

BY MARTHA LAFFITTE JOHNSON.

It was Christmas night in the good village of Bois—Christmas in the heart of Chamouny—a merry festival, gay with garlands of green and countless trees, well laden and surrounded by laughing, happy children. It was my second visit to the lovely valley, and I had come with a purpose and a hope worthy of the joyous Christmas-tide.

Without the snow fell fast, and the cold earth was shrouded in a spotless dress that well became the season. I had found shelter in an old chateau, the home of an aged lady and her adopted son. I had no gift to bestow on those who so kindly sheltered me; but, in return for hospitality, offered to tell them a story of Chamouny—a story I had learned during my visit a few months previous. With the mother knitting in her easy-chair, and the young host extended upon the couch drawn before the great wood-fire, I told them how I came to part with Puck—told them my Christmas story.

"I have seen the Bois before," I said, "for during last Spring I made a tour of the Valley of Chamouny. On the last day of my stay among the mountains I visited all my favorite haunts, crossed the village, sped through the forest and found my way to a little esplanade, which, day after day, is invaded by the glaciers that crown the Alpine peaks so majestically. Suddenly a turn in the narrow path led me to observe that my dog Puck was not near me. I whistled and called, but some moments elapsed before I was rewarded by a sight of him, and when he did appear he seemed in high glee, and disappeared and reappeared, evidently endeavoring to coax me to follow. I did so, and soon found Puck standing beside a young man who was seated upon a bench situated upon a jutting rock, and hidden from view by a turn of the road.

"The expression of his face was one of much sweetness. He was dressed in a blue blouse, and held a long staff in his hand. His features were regular and wore an expression of extreme sadness. Light hair fell in curls upon his shoulders, and his large eyes were full of thought and so sorrowful in their expression that no soul could have beheld them unmoved.

"The noise of the wind had prevented him from hearing my footsteps, and he gave no indication of being aware of my presence. I thought, therefore, that he must be blind.

"Puck watched my countenance, and on seeing a look of pity, ran to his new friend, led by that beautiful and wonderful instinct of nature that draws the dog toward those unfortunate in being blind.

"I saw the young man pass his fingers caressingly through Puck's silky curls, and observed him smile sadly.

"How do you know me?" he inquired, "you who are not of this valley? I had a dog like you; but he left me as the rest. My last friend, my poor Puck—"

"How very odd," I said, replying to his words, "that your dog should have borne the same name as my own."

"Ah, sir," said the young man, raising his face, while leaning heavily on his stick, "kindly pardon my infirmity; I did not know you were there."

"You are blind?" I responded.

"I have been blind from childhood," he replied.

"You have never seen?"

"Yes, for a brief space, a very brief space. I nevertheless have some recollection of the sun; and when I raise my eyes to where I know it must be, I seem in fancy to see once more its golden light. I also remember the snow, the beautiful white snow of our mountains."

"Did an accident deprive you of your sight?" I inquired.

"Yes, an accident; the least, however, of the many evils that have visited me. I could scarcely have been more than two years of age when an avalanche descended from the heights of the Flegère and crushed my home. My father, who was a mountain guide, had passed the night at Priaré. You can well judge of his desperation when, on his return in the morning, he found his entire family engulfed in snow. Assisted by his companions, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and finally made his way to the little cottage, the roof of which was still held by its frail props. The first object that caught his attention was my cradle. He saw that the peril was increasing each instant, for the work of excavation had undermined the supports, which threatened to give way. My father entered and ran to save my mother, who had fainted. He saw her only an instant, and then the snow crumbled in upon us, and I was an orphan. When I was at length extricated from the ice I was blind."

"And remained so ever since?"

"Yes. Misfortune rarely, however, fails to awaken sympathy in our beautiful valley. One offering, one shelter, another food, another clothing, and one good woman, a widow at means and childless, took me to her own chateau, where I have lived ever since."

"And your friends?"

"I had many," replied the young man, placing his finger on his lips with an air of mystery, "but they are all gone."

"To return no more?"

"I fear so. At first I thought, perhaps, Puck would return; that he had only wandered away for awhile; but I now fear that he is lost. Few

can wander amid these glaciers with impunity. I miss his bounding steps and joyous bark." As he ceased speaking, the blind man dashed the tears from his sightless eyes.

"What is your name," I inquired.

"Gervais," he replied.

"Listen to me, Gervais," I resumed. "Let me know more about the friends you have lost—explain yourself."

"As I ceased speaking I was about to take the vacant seat beside him; but he prevented me.

"Not there, sir; not there!" he exclaimed, "it is Marguerite's seat, and no one has occupied it since her departure."

"Marguerite!" I repeated, seating myself in the place he had left vacant. "Tell me of Marguerite, for you have interested me deeply."

"After a few moments' pause, Gervais continued:

"I have already told you, sir, that my life, sad as it has been, has not been void of all happiness. Heaven, when it sends afflictions, always sends some compensation. I had been in darkness some years, when a new-come took up his abode in the little village of Bois. He was known by the name of Robert, and so distinguished was his bearing and reserved his manner, that by all he was regarded as some great man driven by reverse of fortune and distress to seek shelter and quiet in our mountain home. M. Robert had, years prior to his coming to Bois, lost a well-beloved wife, and his love and care were given to Marguerite, his only child, who, like myself, was blind. All spoke of the beauty and grace of Marguerite. My eyes could not judge of her loveliness; but I knew that she could have possessed no greater charm than my fancy pictured, than my memory still cherishes."

"She is dead?" I said.

"Dead!" he responded with an accent of distress. "Dead! Who told you she was dead?"

"Forgive me, Gervais, I do not know—I simply thought that, as you were separated, she must be dead."

"No," he continued, "she still lives—still lives, and I am alone. Oh, Puck!" he added, mournfully, "why might I not have retained you? Why must I be all alone?"

"Courage, Gervais," I said. "I will not ask you to continue your sad story; I can guess the rest."

"Not perfectly," he replied. "I will tell you all. Marguerite and myself met, and circumstances brought us together constantly. Our mutual affliction was a great bond. We learned to read from the same books, the pages of which were printed in letters of relief. We exchanged thoughts and words, and grew to love each other tenderly. On each bright day of the Spring and Summer season and the early Autumn, we wended our way, hand-in-hand, to this great stone seat, and at length the spot was named the 'Rock of the Blind.' One day while we were, as usual, seated on the rock, enjoying with ecstatic pleasure the pure fresh air, the perfume of the flowers and the songs of the birds, a strange presentiment of evil oppressed us suddenly and with singular force. We pressed close to each other, our arms clasped as though dreading separation.

"You will never leave me, Marguerite?" I murmured.

"Never," she whispered.

"I felt her tremble in my arms, and knew that her breathing was oppressed, and, calling all my strength to my aid, I endeavored to soothe her."

"Those who deemed us the most unfortunate of mortals little dreamed of the intense and all-pervading joy infused by this love which was the light of our life. For the world in general we were imperfect beings, nor could that world realize the great compensation accorded us in the gift of a love great and beautiful."

"Upon the blind Time holds no empire, and the blight of no change appears in the loved ones, who ever remain beautiful, and this is the exquisite sentiment of love preserved. To the blind the beauty of the object worshipped is alone theirs. It is seen through the voice, the touch of the hands, the clasp of the arms, the soft breath, the gentle sigh. The heart loves through the soul, and the soul pictures to the mind."

"On the day in question M. Robert sought us in the forest, called forth, as I have said, by the dream of a child's evil."

"You are a child," he said, addressing me.

"Yes, dear father," she replied. "I shed tears because I dread being separated from Gervais, because I am only happy when we are together."

"My children," responded M. Robert, uniting our trembling hands. "I trust you will always be happy, for it is my wish that you may never be separated."

"He had approached without our hearing his step, and as he ceased speaking he stood between us, encircling each with his arm."

"Why should you be separated?" he said. "Have I not enough wealth for both? Can I not purchase for both friends and servants? You will have children who, in the years to come, will take my place—will see for you both as I have done. Embrace me, my children, and dream of the morrow which will bring a bright day even for those who are blind."

"I held Marguerite in my arms, and for the first time our lips met in a kiss of betrothal. Until then we had loved without daring to ask what the future might bring; now we were promised to each other, and life seemed to offer endless joy."

"Weeks followed, when I was one morning awakened by the sound of busy life. I rose and dressed myself without waiting for my adopted mother, and then knelt in prayer. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a man entered and a hand seized mine. I arose quickly.

"Do you not know me?" exclaimed a voice. It was that of an old friend, and I at once recognized M. Maunoir, a distinguished physician. I had not met him for several years; but his touch, his voice, sufficed.

"My poor Gervais," he continued, "it has then been as I feared—you are still blind; but, thank heaven, I find you well and happy."

"Very happy," I replied. "Moreover, I am not ignorant. I have profited by the advantages extended to me by M. Robert. I have received instruction and can read."

"You appear very happy."

"I am, because I am loved by Marguerite."

"She will love you even more dearly if she can one day behold you," resumed Maunoir.

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "Ah," I added quickly, "I understand you; you are thinking of the life to come, when the night of the hand will pass away and light eternal be given us."

"I, alas! had not understood, and he did not explain."

"That day my mother led me to the rock and left me. Marguerite was late in coming,

My poor Puck ran to and fro, and when, at length, my faithful dog perceived her approaching, he barked loudly. When she reached the bench Marguerite sank into my arms, and I knew she was weeping bitterly.

"M. Robert had not accompanied her; but had sent a servant."

"Although I had so earnestly yearned for her coming, strange to say I experienced no joy, but rather a feeling of dread. The servant did not withdraw, as I had hoped, and it seemed as though M. Robert, in giving me the new right to Marguerite, had imposed a privation. I could only whisper words of love; I dared not offer a caress. And Marguerite also appeared constrained and troubled. I bent over her to press my lips to her brow, and found that a bandage covered her forehead and eyes.

"You are wounded!" I exclaimed in terror.

"No, dear Gervais," she replied, "I am not wounded."

"Why, then, are your eyes bandaged?" I continued.

"Because—because I see. My sight has been given me."

"As she spoke her trembling hand pressed mine, and she clung to me as though her words had acknowledged a fault or recorded a misfortune."

"You see! you see!" I exclaimed. "Then am I doubly afflicted. You see, and the mirror, which was once only a polished surface to you, will now reflect your beauty, and thus inspire you with new thoughts, new hopes. You will grow to pity the unfortunate blind man, because you will think that the greatest of all evils is not to see. What do I say? You will not return to me. Why should you? How can you, young and beautiful as you are, love a blind man?"

"Gervais!" she exclaimed.

"Wretched creature that I am," I replied, "I am only a blind man!"

"As I said these words I threw myself on the ground; but Marguerite followed me, clasped me in her arms, and pressed kiss after kiss upon my lips."

"Gervais, Gervais, I will never love any one but you. Yesterday you rejoiced in the fact of being blind, because, as you said, our love would remain unchanged. If it is your desire I will still remain blind. You have but to say the words, and I will take this bandage from my eyes, and my sight will be gone forever."

"No, no," I said, "I am mad—we are both mad—in your happiness, I am in grief. But listen to me."

"I resumed my seat and drew her near me, for I thought my heart would break. 'Listen,' I continued. 'It is true you now see—you have now become perfect—while I am still blind and abandoned, because it is the will of God; but swear to me never to see again—never to behold me. If you look upon me, my Marguerite, you will be obliged to compare me with others who have their sight. I cannot endure such comparison. I prefer to remain to you the vague, dreamy pictured fancy of a blind man. Swear to me that you will not return, or, if you do, that it will always be with your eyes covered. Come, if you will, only once a month, once a year; but do not look upon me, promise not to behold me.'

"I swear to love you always," responded Marguerite, weeping bitterly.

"My strength became exhausted, and I sank at her feet in an almost fainting condition. When I recovered M. Robert was bending over me, and having clasped me to his heart most tenderly, he left me alone with my adopted mother. Marguerite was no longer near me."

On the following day we met upon this rock, and for many days after I did not speak to her of the recovery of her sight; but my hand always stole mutely to her forehead to discover if the bandage still remained, and I was not disappointed. I pressed kiss after kiss upon her brow, feeling, as long as she remained blind to me, so long would she still love me. One day—how shall I describe it? I felt her hand cling more convulsively to mine. As she leaned on me I could feel the wild throbbing of her heart, the thrill of her every pulse. My lips sought her brow, and, in doing so, pushed the bandage aside, and I felt my lips rest upon the long silky lashes that veiled her eyes.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, covering my face with my hands.

"Gervais, my dear," she said, cheerfully, "I have seen you. Moreover," she added, laughing, "what would sight have been worth had I not been able to behold you? Foolish fellow, do you suppose you can limit the curiosity of a woman?"

"But you swore—"

"I swore nothing," she replied, interrupting me; "when you exacted the vow I had already seen you."

"You had seen me, and yet returned?"

"Ah, Gervais, you are cruel."

"No, my darling," I responded, "I am not cruel; but I did not dare to hope. Tell me, what did you see at first?"

"The sky, the sunlight, then the mountains—so much that was beautiful in nature."

"Before seeing me, what persons did you see?"

"Poor old Balmat, the sheep-tender; my father, the old Doctor and Julie."

"No one else?"

"No one else. Why do you ask?"

"Because I dread. The air is fresh this evening. I added; replace your bandage, and once more become blind."

"Why should I, when I tell you that in seeing you I love you all the more tenderly. I saw you in my soul as my eyes behold you. I now seem to have a new purpose in life, and a holy purpose. This faculty given me is all the more dear, because through its possession I may add to your happiness."

"Such were her words, for I can never forget them."

"Days passed. I was still happy, for the human heart will yield to hope. Man is weak, and will not resist an error that flatters him. Led by Marguerite, I was no longer obliged to remain upon the rocks. Together we visited the woods, valleys, and little streams, and she described everything."

"After a time I thought I perceived a change in Marguerite. She no longer interested herself in simple stories, but seemed to enjoy all that was told of the great world beyond Bois, and I saw that she wearied of the quiet of our life. I, sightless as I was, thought only of her; she could look beyond me. Soon guests were invited to the chateau, and I heard that Marguerite was admired and sought after. I saw her but seldom, and I longed for Winter, thinking that our mountains would not then be invaded by strangers, and that our days would glide on as before."

"October came at length, and M. Robert informed me cautiously that Marguerite was about to be separated from me. He was then

on the eve of departure for Geneva, where he had decided to reside with his daughter during the Winter.

"It will soon pass, Gervais," he said, "and then you will be reunited."

"A Winter alone in the mountains, shut in by snow and ice! I shuddered at the thought. Geneva was so far away, and soon the road would be dangerous even for the goats. What would it be to one who was blind, hopelessly blind?"

"I did not reply. Marguerite encircled my neck with her arms. I seemed to feel them heavy and cold. She spoke to me again and again; but I sat like one in a dream."

"Seeing how greatly the separation affected me, M. Robert determined to take Marguerite at once, and thus end all struggle. Ere I fully realized the thought of parting she had gone, and I was alone."

"I had time for reflection during the long Winter that followed, and realized, with pain too great for words to depict, that I must no longer hope that Marguerite, my bright and beautiful love, could marry a poor blind man. Night after night I pictured her at some fête, where her dazzling beauty called forth admiration. I seemed to hear words of love spoken by others, and I thought and thought until my brain appeared to be on fire."

"In my dreams I heard always the words, 'Gervais, farewell; farewell forever.'"

"One month after her departure she sent me a ribbon on which was inscribed, in raised letters, the words, 'This is the ribbon I wore over my eyes; wear it for my sake.'"

"December came, and with it heavy snow-storms, and then month after month rolled by, until the early May brought the fall of many an avalanche that fell on all save me, who would so gladly have been crushed."

"Communication was open, and I looked eagerly for some words of cheer—some message. At length a letter arrived from Marguerite, which the good priest read to me. I need not tell all it contained, but simply add that she had passed the Winter in Geneva, and the Summer was to be given to Milan."

"My adopted mother trembled for my life; but I was calm, for I knew then that all was lost, and with the death of hope came a bitterness that stilled all words of reproach."

"Such is the story of my life, continued the blind man, after a moment's pause. "I had thought myself loved by a woman, and awakened to find that I was only loved by my poor dog Puck."

"At these words Puck sprang upon the speaker and licked his hands and face, as though in mute expression of sympathy."

"Not you, poor fellow," said Gervais; "but I love you because you pity me."

"What if another came along to love you?" I said, gently.

"Another blind girl?" he inquired.

"I did not say a girl," I replied.

"What if Marguerite should not return?" I added.

"I have ceased to expect her."

"Did you not love Puck?" I inquired.

"I did," he murmured; "but Puck is dead."

"Listen, Gervais," I said; "I must leave you, but I am going to Milan."

"To Milan?"

"Yes. I will see Marguerite. I will speak to her. When I tell her that I have heard your story, and that your life is wasting fast, she will return. I have a sorrow in my heart, and may feel for you. Believe me, she will come."

The sightless eyes were raised to my face. Tears stained the pale cheeks, and his hand clung to mine as though he yearned to go with me.

"I cannot leave you alone," I continued; "I will give you my dog."

"Your dog?" he repeated wistfully.

"Yes," I said. "Did I not see that he loved you? I would not part from him; but I believe that he is willing to remain and be your guide, to comfort you."

"Your dog? Oh! I cannot take your dog," responded Gervais; "that would be cruel."

"No, Gervais; he shall remain," I answered, striving to check the tears that gathered in my eyes and the sad tones that were heard in my voice.

Puck, as though he had understood all, sprang upon me, caressing me with every mute show of love; but I placed him in the arms of the blind man, who held him close to his heart. The dog whined pitifully, but did not resist.

"Farewell, Gervais," I murmured. I did not name Puck, for had I done so he would have followed. I hurried on my way. Suddenly I heard steps patter on the sand, and, turning, I saw my dog behind me. His head hung down and he appeared dejected. I passed my hand over his curls. I held him to my heart, and then, with resolution, uttered the word "Go." For a moment he hesitated, and at last slowly returned to Gervais, who clung to him tenderly.

Some days after I reached Milan. The story told me by Gervais had left a sad impression, and I could not forget the circumstance.

One morning, as I was entering the La Scala to secure seats for the evening, I met an old friend. While speaking to him, I suddenly perceived, quite near to me, a young and beautiful girl. Such a face I had rarely beheld.

"Who is that lady?" I inquired, eagerly.

"The only child of a rich merchant from Anvers. He is a widower, and the girl is his pride and joy."

"Her face is one of the most beautiful I have ever looked upon," I said; while my eyes followed the retreating form of the girl who had so suddenly and truly awakened interest within me."

"What is her name?"

"Marguerite—Marguerite Robert."

"As the traveller said these words, the man beside him uttered a suppressed cry."

"Who are you?" he exclaimed.

"Do you not know me, Gervais?" replied his listener. "I am the stranger you met on the rocks; I am the one to whom you told your story—the one who gave you Puck."

"Yes, yes," he responded. "I know you now; but tell me of my darling, my Marguerite."

"On hearing the name I remembered you," continued the traveller, "and requested to be presented. That same evening we met. If I was charmed by her beauty when I first saw her, I was absolutely dazzled now. It is such a beauty as we picture in our wildest dreams, but rarely behold."

"Oh, Marguerite!" murmured Gervais.

"Inquiry led me to tell her I had visited Bois," she exclaimed, "the dear old village; oh, have you seen Bois? How I wish I also could say the same! How hungry is my heart for the sight of its flowers, its trees, its rocks."

"Why," I inquired.

"Because I love the village and all that appertains to it."

"Then Milan is not your home?"

"Oh, no; my home is Bois. I wish I could show you our grand old chateau, the beautiful mountains, and all that makes Bois charming."

"If you so long for the sight of your home, why are you here?" I inquired.

"In obedience to the will of my father; but he has promised that I shall return soon."

"When," I responded.

"I do not know," she replied, sadly. "I had fondly hoped to return in the Spring; but the Summer has passed and the Autumn comes again, and still I am absent."

"Is there any reason why you desire to return to Bois?"

"What did she reply?" inquired Gervais, eagerly.

"For a moment no answer came, and then I heard her murmur the one word, 'yes.'"

"I have seen Gervais," I said.

"You," she exclaimed. "You have seen Gervais?"

"Yes," I said, "and he has told me all."

"Told you that I am cruel—ungrateful. Oh! I know what he must think. I know how his heart is tortured."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "His heart has uttered no reproach. He loves you, Marguerite, and suffers."

"Does he not know that I love him?" she exclaimed. "Does he not trust me?"

"He only knows that he suffers," I replied.

"True," she murmured, "how can he trust me? How can he be sure of my love?"

"You were his one hope in life," I continued. "Without you all is darkness."

"I will go to him," she said, suddenly; "be sure that I will go to him."

"When will you go?" I replied.

"Soon, very soon," she said softly, and in a moment more she had left me. I remained in Milan two days longer; but we did not meet again."

"It was Autumn when you saw her?" said Gervais.

"Early Autumn," I replied.

"She has not come—the will not come," he continued wildly. "Oh, Marguerite! Marguerite!"

"Gervais," said a soft, sweet voice; "Gervais, I am here. I have come never to leave you more."

I turned. At the entrance stood a vision of loveliness. It was Marguerite Robert, who, true to her promise, had returned.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the mother, as she knelt in prayer.

"Marguerite!" exclaimed the blind man, "where are you? Oh, God, can this be a dream of light, from which I will again be plunged into darkness!"

"Never more, my beloved, never more," responded the girl, as, kneeling beside him, she pillowed her head upon his breast.

"You love me," he murmured, "love me, although I am blind?"

"Am I not here? Am I not in your arms?"

"Yes, yes," he whispered. "God is good."

"You thought the Christ-child had forgotten you, dear Gervais; but Christmas has brought us his blessing, has reunited our hearts, and sanctified our love."

My story was told, my offering made. That joy was complete, and leaving them to whisper words of love and hope, I joined them who sang so fervently the Christmas Hymn of Praise.

On leaving the chateau I did not go alone, for the blind man no longer required Puck. My mission to Bois was realized.

A Meeting of Veterans.

BY FRANK A. HEYWOOD.

One beautiful Summer day, several years before the death of the great maestro, found me present at a festival in the large park at Vienna, called by the people the Prater.

At the time of which I am speaking there were large crowds in this square, among them a great many Americans. And all strangers enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld. Among the organ-grinders, beggars and harp-players playing their vocation stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still, he could not bring himself to beg. Therefore, on this particular fête day he took his violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a faithful old dog with him, which lay at his feet, basking in the sun, and which he fed with the scraps of the passers-by. Many heard the violin of the poor musician; but few threw money in his hat. I wondered the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, which he had kept since he left the army. He had only three fingers on the hand, which held the bow. A cannon-ball had taken off one of his legs. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings for his instrument. He was playing with all his strength the old marches he had learned when a boy from his father. He looked sad enough as the sun slowly went down behind the housetops. It was late in the afternoon and his hopes were almost like the sun—both were going down together—and he knew that he would have to go supperless to bed.

He placed his violin down by his side and leaned against the tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheek. He thought that none of the giddy pleasure-seekers had seen him.

Not far off stood a neatly-dressed gentleman, who watched the old man. Seeing that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched; he approached, and putting a piece of gold in the musician's hand, said: "I'll pay you that if you will lend me your violin for an hour."

"Oh," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth ten such fiddles as mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want it for one hour. You take the money, and I'll play. I am quite sure the people will give us something."

The gentleman began to play. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people, hearing the music, stopped out of curiosity. By-and-by, the listeners began to drop money into the hat. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and listen to the beautiful music. Still the money flowed into the hat. The stranger kept on playing. He played one tune and then another. The people seemed to be carried away with the music. At last he executed that splendid piece, "God Bless the Emperor," and the crowd showed down upon the old soldier, music finally ended. An hour, however, the musician handed back the violin to the man and disappears in the crowd.

"Who is he?" I inquired of a rife near me.

"It is Ole Jull," she answered.

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Arveling, Henry	Irwin, Mrs. Selden
Archer, J. W. (a)	Joyce, Lillian
Alexander, John E.	Jessop, Geo. H.
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Barlow and Wilson	Kennedy, M. A.
Bloom, Ed.	Klein Ali (a)
Barrett, Lawrence	Keeter, Geo. W.
Brissac, N. S.	Knight, Mr. and Mrs. D.
Bell, Katie B.	Kellogg, Florence D.
Benton, Z. N.	Larkin, J. M.
Byron, Oliver Doud	Leavitt, M. B.
Barton, Mons.	Lauburg, Prof. Louis
Baum, L. F.	Lansing, Wm.
Barbour, C. N. (a)	Leathwips, Lady
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Booth, Edwin (a)	Malone, Jno.
Colton, Harry	McConnell, Dean
Cahn, Julius	Maretzek, Max
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Chapman, J. M. (a)	Peyster, David
Cherie, Adelaide	Paxton, Geo.
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Curren, P.	Robinson, Bell
Callender's Consolidated	Robinson, Fred
Drau, J. F.	Robertson, A. B.
De Vernon, Frank	Sylvester, Henry Lita
Daira, A. W.	St. Quinten, Miss
Dennahy, J. W.	Sibson, Will
D'Arcy, H. A.	Sargent, H. J.
Dowling, J. J.	Stadford, Wm.
Dennis, Walter	Smith, J. P.
Darling, Beatie, Mgr.	Sanson, Beatie (a)
Don, Laura (a)	Sedgewick, Helen
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Elbert, D. D.	Thatcher, Primrose & West
Forbisher, Prof. J. E.	Thompson, C. E.
Forster, Archie	Thompson, Marion
Forrester, Fannie	Villa, S. R.
Freeman, Lettie	Verona, Saidee
Floyd, Mgr.	Verne, Becla
Freeman, Chas.	Vokes, Jessie
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Fallon, Emma (a)	Wetherell, E. J.
Froome, Harry	Warner, H. B.
Guilford, D. C.	Woodhull, Harry
Gardiner, C. R.	Williams, Gus (a)
Giddings, Emma	Waldro, Lizzie
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Harlin, J. H.	
Haywood, Mr. and Mrs.	

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Church and Theatre Again.

The scene which occurred at the New Haven House on Saturday last, in which a clergyman of good local standing is charged with having excluded from her rightful seat at the public table, employing at the same time opprobrious words in regard to the profession, an actress attached to the company of John McCullough, playing an engagement at the Carl Opera House, which was resented with great spirit by the tragedian, calls up a question worthy of further consideration at this time. There are many who seem to be very anxious for close association of the Church and Theatre, and who are on the alert to secure the countenance and sanction of the clergy. This anxiety is not, in our opinion, at all needful or pertinent. The Church and the Theatre are altogether different institutions, and each has a mission of its own. The one is for spiritual instruction; the other is for social and intellectual entertainment. The province of the one is grave and solemn, of the other buoyant and ornamental. The blending of the two or their too close contact would be injurious to both. Each has its own legitimate sphere and methods proper to itself. By the rules laid down by the Fourth Diocesan Synod of the Roman Church in New York at its last session, its clergy are forbidden to attend theatrical representations, and at the same time the wearing of the Roman collar is made compulsory. Now, let us consider a body of priests so appalled filing into the theatre and ranging itself as a part of the auditory. What would be the effect on the house? Would it be contributory to the better progress of the play, the greater enjoyment of the lay audience, or the enhancement of the ecclesiastical interest? Take another case. A rumor having got abroad the other day that a play was soon to be produced from the pen of John G. Whittier, notice is taken of it in a letter written by the poet: "Thy time," he says, in lost in search of the 'drama' of

the newspaper slip. I never knew of it before. It is a very foolish lie. The idea of a Quaker playwright is unspeakably absurd." Now imagine, in the same spirit, a line of Broadbrims confronting the actors in array, and holding a silent session along the edge of the dress circle. Would they not be pronounced, in the language of medicine, incompatibles?

Would we, then, have the Church and Theatre at odds?

By no means. While we would have each free to pursue its own legitimate path with vigor, we would have them cultivate a commerce and communion in all good things which they have in common. In the fundamental ethics which underlie both conventicle and stage, we will find an identity of purpose, although a great variance in forms. The Church has one kind of ceremonial, the Theatre another. Each has its own music, elocution, its gestures and its costumes, and they each fill their place accordingly. On the other hand, we cannot better exemplify the essential harmony of the two than by referring to the great playwright on the one side and on the other to the sacred Book: the language, the ideas, the turn of sentiment are in many cases similar, and not unfrequently the words of Shakespeare are but a secular rendering of Holy Writ. When a clergyman, not restricted, feels at liberty, to what secular source does he so frequently and naturally resort to find an adequate expression for a climactic moral, as to the sententious and pregnant lines of the great dramatist?

The divergence must, however, be recognized in the methods of the Church and the Theatre, and each must keep its place. The attempt to confound them, or to substitute one for the other, can only lead to endless confusion. If we are not mistaken, it is in this direction that an attempt such as the Passion Play errs: it seeks to mix things not compatible; to combine the church with the theatre—an impracticable, impossible and unwholesome union. Let not professionals or their friends be over-anxious to secure clerical endorsement; let them stand on their own merits, maintain their own dignity, and at all times and in all places assert their absolute independence.

Our New York Theatres.

In contemplating the difference between stock companies and traveling combinations we have not noted the vast changes which have taken place in the venue of the profession. Formerly, and not so far back either, actors belonged, as it were, to the Established Church, having a settlement for years, performing their services before a stated audience, in forms and language carefully assigned to them.

Now the members of the profession resemble more the itinerating brethren known as dissenters, who, to and from parish to parish, with audiences presenting new faces, free in action and speech, which is used of their own option, *extempore* and *ad libitum*. This new usage all have followed so rapidly, and it has been so readily accepted, that the new departure has been scarcely observed.

In the earlier day the legitimate actor was to be found in this city at the old Park Theatre, near the City Hall, and centre of the city; and by way of a lower basin, in the current of amusements, at the Bowery Theatre, in the Bowery, then held to be an inferior locality. The Park had its distinct stamp of actors, high-toned and classic; the Bowery had also its stamp, regarded as catch-penny and robustious. What we here describe is, we believe, the present nature of the London theatrical topography: there the actor's latitude and longitude are well defined, as ranging at the Lyceum and Drury Lane, or the Surrey. All such lines of demarcation are cancelled here in New York; the actor, of whatever status, is free to rove the waters wherever he lists. To-night the stars of Wallack, whom we could formerly see only at Wallack's, may rise at Niblo's; to-morrow it may shine at the Mount Morris, Harlem; Janauschek or Clara Morris, be the stellar orb at the east side Windsor on Monday, and on Monday week may hang out her evening lamp at the Grand Opera House, Eighth avenue, in the western horizon.

Such divergences were not possible in other times and under other skies. What do they mean? Have they any significance? We answer: They have a profound purport and far-reaching. In the first place, it indicates that New York is more catholic in its culture than London; that there are audiences here, at all points of the compass, who can appreciate the same play, and that our institutions patronize and fellowship all classes of citizens. What is in London sporadic, is with us universal.

Beyond this and of vital importance is

the fact that wherever these combinations sweep they are calculated to make a community more homogeneous, to think, to feel, to act alike, and should the plays presented fortunately have a spark of the patriotic and home-like, to materialize the whole country in aspiration and sentiment.

Another natural result of these unrestricted performances, which are held in by no narrow bounds, theatrical enterprises may look for a better support in New York, drawing, as they now do, upon the whole bulk of boundless population, and not from mere sections and localities. To the great dramatic writer it opens a limitless field for all his powers and an opportunity to employ the whole scale of human nature and to touch every key in human sensibility and character. For the first time in history may it be said of any principal city that all its theatres were open to all actors of every grade and to audiences of every disposition. This state of things also affords a better opportunity for actors, who may secure engagements anywhere in the Metropolis. As a comprehensive result we may look for an improved theatrical culture in a more general support of the drama.

Benefits for the Pedestal Fund.

The public-spirited of our citizens, aided by the daily press, are endeavoring just now to raise the sum necessary to pay for the pedestal on which the mammoth Bartholdi statue, the gift of France to this nation, is to stand when completed. Considering the magnificence of the gift and its significance as a token of international regard and sympathy, it is too evident that our city has been shamefully derelict in providing the base which ought before this to have been subscribed for and in process of construction. The time is not far distant when Bartholdi's work will be completed, and the great bronze figure lying at our wharves. The papers are aiding the committee having the collection of the money for the pedestal in charge; but not more than half of the amount is at present in hand.

It occurs to us that the managers of New York might seriously consider the advisability of giving benefits to assist the object. Of course, when the Goulds and Vanderbilts hang back, it is not to be expected that they should take such a step merely from motives of patriotism; but we ask them to entertain the suggestion on other and more substantial grounds—those of policy and profit. It is generally admitted that the resident population of this city alone would not support quite two-thirds of the places of amusement within its precincts. A large share of theatrical patronage comes from the vast floating population. Thousands enter New York by railroad and steamship every day, and the majority of the influx devote their earnings to the playhouse. Anything, therefore, that tends to make our city attractive to tourists or business people tends also to increase the revenue of our managers. The enormous metal statue in our harbor, of Liberty Enlightening the World, it seems clear to us, will increase the incoming throngs that are drawn by the magnetic beauties that combine to make the Metropolis the loadstone of the American continent.

A series of benefits at all the theatres for the Pedestal Fund would net from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, and might act, besides, as an incentive to the millionaires whose financial interests, if they only realized it, centre in the growing importance and attractiveness of the city. As a matter of business purely, the suggestion is worth examining, and we invite the attention of our discriminative managers to it.

A Successful Number.

This year the sale of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR has far exceeded that of any preceding holiday issue. The first edition was entirely exhausted within twenty-four hours after it was sent out and extra orders flowed in on Friday and Saturday, which were filed and filled as rapidly as possible. Anticipating a great demand, the pages were all electrotyped, and therefore we were prepared to meet the emergency promptly.

This paper inaugurated the custom of printing special holiday numbers in this country, and its success has been so pronounced that imitators have sprung up not only in this city, but in every part of the country. At least forty daily and weekly journals have issued Christmas publications this season. Imitation is the sincerest compliment, and we feel gratified that so many of our contemporaries have grasped at our idea. But all have overlooked one important feature of THE MIRROR's special numbers—they increase their price as well as the number of their pages. Notwithstanding the extra ex-

pense, the hard work and elaborate preparation entailed, we never ask the public to pay more for the Christmas and Midsummer papers than they do for the regular issues. They are given a paper for ten cents worth five times that sum. We can afford to do this because its value as an advertising medium is unrivalled, and the loss on circulation is treble recouped by the many pages of advertisements.

We have already begun preparations for the next Midsummer Number, which will be published several weeks earlier than usual. We propose to make it the finest publication in every respect ever placed on sale, and in order to make good the promise we are obliged to give out certain orders for the art features immediately.

Personal.



JESSOP.—In Paradise will be seen here Jan. 15. A picture of one of the authors, George H. Jessop, appears above.

BUCKLEY.—Ed. Buckley leaves for San Francisco next week.

CURTIS.—M. B. played to large receipts at the Boston Globe last week.

TEARLE.—Osmond Tearle will be here, in all probability, in time for the actors' dinner.

BOUCAULT.—Dion Boucault is writing a new play for Henry Irving based upon Don Quixote.

WYATT.—Carrie Wyatt began playing Justine in Only a Farmer's Daughter on Monday evening in Jersey City.

ST. QUINTEN.—As Rose Friquet and Olivette, pretty little Miss St. Quinten has made a hit wherever she has sung those parts.

RUSSELL.—Owing to Lillian Russell's relapse, Mrs. Leonard postponed for a week the *musical* she was to have given last Sunday night.

BELL.—Digby Bell is energetically practicing for the old-fashioned broadsword combat he will have with Mephisto in Paul and Virginia.

TEARLE.—A deputation of Lambs will go down the harbor on a tug to meet Osmond Tearle. The Stuyvesant will dine him next month.

RUSSELL.—Mrs. Sol Smith Russell is spending the holidays in Jacksonville, Ill., with the family of Mr. R. D. Russell, a brother of her husband.

STEEPHENS.—The librettist does not understand stage management. In the absence of Jesse Williams, however, he is rehearsing Paul and Virginia.

WELLES.—Charles B. Welles will replace Ed Buckley in Esmeralda next week. J. H. Gilmore will replace Mr. Wells in the Hazel Kirke company.

NILSSON.—The European papers report that Christine Nilsson is engaged to be married to M. De Miranda, an attaché of the Spanish Embassy at Paris.

HOWSON.—John Howson is actively engaged in arranging the preliminaries for the English actors' dinner to take place at the Hotel Dam on Sunday night.

EYRE.—From a reliable source we learn that Manager Wallack is negotiating for the re-engagement of Gerald Eyre, to begin next season at an increased salary.

BALFE.—Louise Balfe, of Colville's Taken from Life company, was so ill from a bad cold on Monday and Tuesday evenings [as to require the services of a doctor behind the scenes.

BISHOP.—Lester Bishop, who has been away in Europe for a year, reached here Tuesday on the England. He played recently the Chevalier in a London revival of the Two Orphans.

EMMET.—Emmet's forthcoming engagement at Haverly's promises to be very remunerative. Manager Mann says the advance sale already reaches the figure of \$2,000. Emmet begins next Monday afternoon.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes' latest comedy, entitled Our Summer Boarders, will commence the season Jan. 22. Mr. Barnes will have a fine company, headed by the celebrated Irish characters, Carroll and Frew.

STINSON.—Fred Stinson has resigned his position as manager for John Stetson and is now Modjeska's personal manager. William Bingham, secretary of the Boston Globe, has taken his place under Stetson.

HOWSON.—As Lillian Russell in all probability will not be well enough to sing Virginia

in the new opera on Jan. 5, Colonel McCull is treating with Emma Howson to sing the part during the run of the piece. It is likely she will accept the engagement.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell will be here to supervise the performances of The White Slave at Niblo's next week. His picture is printed on the title page.

BELASCO.—The members of the company of amateurs who present A Russian Honeymoon at the Madison Square Theatre this and tomorrow afternoon have presented David Belasco with a costly gold and silver loving-cup in appreciation of his efforts in rehearsing them in the play.

BIGELOW.—In Sharps and Flats and Our Bachelors, which Robson and Crane will shortly begin playing again, Sadie Bigelow will do the leading parts. She has several dressmakers engaged on the half-dozen gorgeous costumes with which she proposes to dazzle the rurals.

LINGARD.—W. H. Lingard and W. C. Mitchell separate after this week. One William hadn't the patience and the other William hadn't the money to carry the tour through the season. Lingard reorganizes, taking all the present company except three, and goes on the road on his own account Jan. 8.

THOMPSON.—Den Thompson says he has clung to Josh Whitcomb this season because its popularity, instead of being on the wane, is on the increase. He has two new plays suitable for displaying his talent in depicting the New Englander; but from present indications they will not be wanted for some time.

RUSSELL.—Miss Russell's physician says it will be several weeks before the lady can appear—indeed, he will fix no exact time for that event. Her relapse is quite serious. It is always to be expected in cases of fever. Miss Russell's anxiety to return to work at the theatre brought it on.

EDWARDS.—Putnam has in press Harry Edwards' new book, "A Mingled Yarn." Mr. Edwards is not only a man of vast experience and an actor of superior attainments, but a scholar as well. Judging from the fragment of his book printed in advance in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, the book will prove most entertaining.

RECHTSTEDT.—There will be one hundred performers at the minstrel festival in Jersey City on New Year's Day, given by Callender's Minstrels. After that performance the organization will be styled Callender's Spectacular Consolidated Minstrels. The company playing in the South and that from the West will consolidate at the same time.

STOCKMAN.—Mrs. Emily Stockman, mother of Emma Stockman (Mrs. John W. Norton), died at her residence in Baltimore, last week, after a painful illness. Her daughter, Mrs. Norton, was with her during her last moments. Mrs. Stockman was well known to Baltimore professionals, among whom she was highly esteemed and greatly respected.

WILLIAMS.—The Bijou orchestra gave their director, Jesse Williams, a handsome lounging chair for a Christmas present. It is an especially appropriate gift, for Mr. Williams is confined at home recovering from the painful surgical operation which he underwent Sunday week. The Bijou chorus sent a silver pitcher to the invalid as a testimonial of their good wishes.

HARKINS.—Will S. Harkins lost nearly \$1,000 by his Halifax experience. The party opened to crowded houses, but owing to the beginning of a series of services next day by a party of Cardinal McCloskey's Redemptorist Fathers, the people of the city—which is strongly Catholic—could not go to the theatre. Harkins is back in town with his company at is disengaged.

CATHART.—Charles Cathart, whom we bade good-bye, supposedly for an indefinite period, after the production of The Roman Rye, came back again on Saturday. He was called for by Theodore Moss and Henry French, who want him to rehearse The Silver King at Wallack's. Mr. Cathart is a most able stage director, and as he is familiar with the original English business of the piece, it will possess additional reasons for scoring a success here.

WILKINS.—On Tuesday night the curtain was rung up on the first act of the Two Orphans at the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Wilkins, the Mother Frochard, had not put in an appearance. Her absence was not discovered until the middle of the act, when the curtain was lowered; Charles Stevenson came out and explained matters, adding that Henrietta Vaders would go on for Frochard and Mary Drake take her place as Henriette. Then the performance proceeded. The cause of Mrs. Wilkins' disappearance was not ascertained.

TRIALS.—Messrs. Aldrich and Parsloe are having some of the trials that managers of all combinations are subject to. Dora Goldthwaite, who has played Mary Brandon with them over eight hundred times without missing a performance, has been obliged to resign the part suddenly on account of the very critical condition of her mother. Louis Aldrich jumped to New York Sunday, and through the agency of Spies and Smart secured the services of Lizzie McCall-Wall for the part of Mary Brandon, temporarily, in Miss Goldthwaite's place, until such time as the present extreme illness of her mother shall have changed either for better or worse. At any rate, Miss McCall will play the part in Baltimore and Brooklyn. The lady left for the former city on Sunday evening last.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Joe Howard, the liveliest journalist in the world, will sit in an editorial chair, I hear, before many weeks have come and gone. The new paper is to be the size and price of the *Sun*, and will be conducted something on the plan of that journal in its brightest days. The news will be condensed, the editorial page full of life and sparkle, and politically it will lean toward Republicanism. I believe the Administration branch is interested in the enterprise, and it will not want, therefore, for limitless backing. Joe Howard is not only a breezy, spicy writer, but a man who possesses the nerve, determination, quick judgment and executive power essential to the position he will hold. I'm sure I but echo the sentiment of the profession, to whom this writer has been uniformly considerate, in wishing his venture unbounded success.

Salmi Morse proposes to give souvenir reproductions of antique shekels to the Passion Play patrons. The coins, which are made of white metal, cost about five cents apiece. Will their exchange for dollar-bills be a duplication of a certain money-changing episode that once caused a decided commotion in the temple?

The Madison Square management adopts a capital plan in regard to the keeping of reserves in training and ready to meet any emergency. Dozens of novices and a good many professionals out of work apply to them almost daily for positions. Instead of rejecting all the applicants, Dan Frohman selects the most promising and puts them at work as understudies. They draw no salary unless called into active service. In this way an abundant supply of Hazel Kirkes, Dolly Duttons, Young Mrs. Winthrops, Daisy Browns and Esmeraldas are kept constantly on hand. A fortnight ago Sara Von Leer was given the part of Mrs. Winthrop to understudy. She was ready to go on Monday night and play the part cleverly, while Carrie Turner appeared in Boston as Hazel in the company from which Effie Ellsler resigned. If Miss Von Leer should be taken ill, her place could be supplied by one of three or four other Mrs. Winthrops who are in training.

The house-warming of the Stuyvesant took place at the club-house Christmas eve. There were many guests present in addition to the large array of members. The menu was capital and so were the speeches of Fred Marsden, Dr. Robertson and the other gentlemen. Songs, recitations and stories carried the affair late into the night, when everyone left, after singing a most shocking chorus, that chiefly consisted of the injunction "Drink rum! Drink rum! Drink RUM!" which was invented by one of the dramatists who are enrolled on the member's list.

Since *Post* spoke of the Stuyvesant its ranks have been strengthened by the accession of Henry French, Albert Weber, J. W. Shannon, Nelson Decker and other professional gentlemen.

Business has been bad for a month past, not only in New York but throughout the country. The dropping off of receipts is generally admitted by agents and managers, who corroborate the reports received from THE MIRROR's correspondents. The season started brightly; everything looked well after election. December is seldom a profitable month in the theatrical calendar for obvious reasons. But this year it has been duller than usual. This week things have naturally taken a start again, Christmas fortunately falling on Monday and adding to the festivity of the week. I believe that from now to Easter there will be a good deal of money made by managers. After that things will probably be quiet again. In many ways the season has been disappointing. The stage has not recovered from the deluge of variety trash that flooded it so disastrously two or three years ago, and it is suffering more or less from the invasion of foreign money-grabbers, who do not offer a fair exchange of entertainment for the money of the Americans. But there is a good time coming, and it is not far off. Next season gives brilliant promise already. '82-'83 is a sort of interregnum; '83-'84 will bring forth triumphs and fortunes.

Salmi Morse was somewhat discomfited in the Mayor's Office on Saturday. As THE MIRROR proposed editorially some weeks ago, the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents took in hand the matter of contesting Morse's right to a license. The result was that the latter found himself confronted, on making his application, by a crowd of lawyers, clergymen and prominent citizens, who expressed their hope that the "Shrine" would not be licensed in vigorous language. The subject will come up again to-day, and it is probable a decision one way or the other will be reached before the next issue of this paper. Popular opinion seems to speak as unmistakably against the production now as it did two years ago. The question of legality is the only thing, however, that can dispose of it.

Because New Year's Day falls on a Monday and matinees will be given at all the theatres, a number of actresses who will be busy at the theatre when they would like to be seeing friends at home, have sent out cards for Sunday, and will receive on that day.

Billy Elton doesn't like us much. That is why he has concluded to leave a fat salary and an enviable position next Summer and go 'ome to 'Hingland, me boy. Elton is a clever actor, and a capital chap socially; but somehow or other he has never hitched with us and our ways. To like New York a man must like its people and conform to their customs. This Elton found it hard to do, and then gave up trying. Though he's a happy comedian he's a most unhappy fellow, being given to morbid broodings, solitary walks and a pessimistic view of men and things. If he were differently constituted, and if he had taken advantage of the friendly advances made on all sides when he arrived, Elton would be a more popular man now than Harry Beckett ever was.

The dinner of the English actors on Sunday night promises to be an unusually pleasant event. Americans in London, I am sorry to say, are not generally treated with extraordinary hospitality by the inhabitants, while visiting Englishmen are taken right into camp by our folks and treated as if they were brothers. It is this, no doubt, that caused our imported actors to arrange their little banquet, and I hope it will be an occasion worthy the feeling that prompts it. Certainly, no kinder token of fraternity and good will between the players of the old and the new country could be devised.

The gentleman whose "observations" are not the least attractive feature of that bright sheet, the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* takes umbrage at THE MIRROR's recent allusion to Margaret Mather's "feeling anxiety as she approaches the Metropolis to receive the verdict." He flies into a passion and asks if the verdict "is to be given by dramatic papers whose editors have never been regarded as extraordinarily wise, and whose verdicts frequently depend rather upon financial and advertising considerations than upon the merits of the artist or the entertainment? Is the verdict to be awarded by the police court reporters who supply the critical departments of the *World* and *Herald*, or who in the Dickens is to furnish it?" Then he proceeds in this wise:

There was a time when the verdict of the New York press carried some weight with it in the West; but, thanks to numerous disgraces, that time has gone by. The criticisms in the *New York Times* and *Tribune* are still read with respect, while the utterances of most of the other papers of general circulation are received with suspicion. Time and again companies have reached the West plumed all over with encomiums from the New York press, when, in point of fact, they deserved little else than condemnation. Plays of the most diaphanous and worthless character have come to us freighted with approval from these critics who now assume to be on the point of giving the verdict on Miss Mather. Such self-assertion as this is worthy of a special first premium. It is a breezy, impudent and wholesale kind of self-assertion which is altogether without a parallel in the annals of even Yankee impudence. It seems to be the impression among New York journalists that the entire population sneezes when they take snuff. I think they are just about as wrong as it is possible for them to be. As a general thing the population doesn't care a copper whether they take snuff or not.

Whether to feel sorry for the gentleman's ignorance or to laugh at his funny rage I have not yet decided. It matters little to New York whether its verdict carries weight in the West (which, I suppose, is the gentleman's way of speaking of Chicago) or not. Mr. Tom White, of the *Herald*, and Mr. Kobbe, of the *World*, who are alluded to as police court reporters, will scarcely be more surprised than the friends who know their honesty and independence, to read that this gentleman is cognizant of some mysterious and "dreadful disclosures." If the gentleman means to insinuate bribery or anything else that is dishonest in connection with the names of these writers, it is too plain he doesn't know what he is talking about; *ergo*, he makes a blooming ass of himself, and should learn to leave a subject of which he is vulgarly and totally ignorant severely alone.

Without wishing to be guilty of recrimination, I might appropriately say just here that the crimes with which the gentleman of the *Saturday Evening Herald* charges the New York critics have time and again been laid at the doors of certain enterprising individuals who control the critical columns of several leading journals in his own city. One manager I might name has openly asserted that two or three Chicago critics can be bought for the modest sum of \$25. This may or may not be true—I nevertheless it has never been denied.

In regard to the selling of reading matter in

dramatic papers, I can, of course, speak only for this one. If the gentleman of the *Evening Herald*, or anybody else for that matter, can prove that THE MIRROR has ever printed a line for pay outside of its regular advertising department, or that its news, opinions or criticisms have ever been influenced by corrupt methods I will shut up shop and go to Chicago to live for the rest of my natural life; or submit to any worse punishment the gentleman of the *Evening Herald* can suggest. There is a good deal of idle talk about corrupt critics; but very little is done to show them up. Here is a fair chance for the Chicago gentleman to substantiate his vague charges and distinguish himself into the bargain, by nailing one terrible example—if he can.

THE MIRROR enters on another volume to-day. New dramatic papers come and depart, but THE MIRROR goes on like Hazel Kirke.

Some day a staidian will arise and confront an astounded world with the exact number of false reports printed about actresses. Until then we must content ourselves with the knowledge that such yarns are as plentiful as the sands of the sea. The last comes in the shape of a telegram to one of the Sunday papers, stating that Agnes Herndon was stabbed and very nearly killed, in Lancaster, Pa., Saturday night, by an actor who used his knife carelessly in a struggle. The truth happens to be that Miss Herndon was not injured at all, the knife merely damaging her dress.

Mapleson (as usual) came in like a lion and went out like the meekest sort of a lamb. On Saturday his prima donna, Juch, and tenor, Ravelli, rebelled; one refusing to sing without extra compensation and the other on the plea of illness. The manager's lot is not a happy one, and although I'm not an admirer of some of his methods of management, I cannot resist shedding a tear of sympathy when thinking of his awful troubles.

Speaking of managerial miseries reminds me of Crowther, of the Topeka Opera House. That gentleman incurred the displeasure of the directors and was bounced out by those worthies the other day. The chief causes of their wrath were that Crowther did not keep the house clean, and neglected to provide sufficient gas, adequate stage help, and competent ushers. The deposed manager intends to make it hot for the directors, and the horizon of Topeka is red with the reflection of prospective legal bloodshed.

Christmas was made merrier for the Sam'l of Posen troupe by M. B. Curtis, who gave each member a substantial present. Diamond scarfpins, gold-headed canes, watches and other gifts were distributed. It is seldom a company enjoys such pleasant relations with their head, and in this case they are to be congratulated.

John S. Shriver, of the *Baltimore American*, has written a humorous verse for a Christmas publication, hitting off the little weaknesses of the advance agent. After stating in regular form the well-known requests of the man ahead, the rhyme concludes with the following stanzas:

"Give us a column—oh, never mind.
We'll have an 'ad,'—say twenty-line.
Come have a beer? No? Well, ta-ta,
And don't forget a line for me—
The agent."

Next morning when the cleaner came,
A critic found, by copy right,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
A card which bore this strange device:
"An agent."

Every advance man whom the verses fit should cut them out and paste them in his hat. Fortunately their number is not great; but there are still some enterprising gentlemen ahead of combinations who think they're paid for codding newspaper men to dispense columns of space to their attractions in the way of preliminary advertising, and who cling to the long since exploded idea that a critic is only too eager to be bribed by a cigar or a gin-fizz.

Letter to the Editor.

ONE-NIGHT STANDS.
CANTON, Ohio, Dec. 15.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

Owing to the habit of managers of one-night stands filling up the dates as closely as to give from three to five entertainments a week, stars are arranging time for next season in such a way as to exclude all one-night stands. Another reason why this is done is that managers are looking time for snap combinations that are terribly bad, and good parties are compelled to share the business of the towns with such entertainments at a positive loss.

The above item of intelligence is more amusing than alarming to at least one of the proprietors of an Opera House in this part of Ohio. We well remember when Cleveland was a no-larger city than this; had but one theatre, had performances, such as they were, every night, of just cost and much poorer appointments than you now find in some of these "one-night stands." The policy of the managers of such newspaper scribbles is to have "the stars" at Cleveland, and run excursion trains from "cities of one-night stands" to Hank street and Euclid avenue. We not infrequently hear of empty benches and opera chairs in that great city, and we also know that the same "snap combinations" that perform as stated invariably occupy the stage of the Cleveland "Temples of Art" before going into the interior of Ohio.

The dramatic business thus far this season has been excellent here, and "stars," if they feel disposed to experiment with these "one-night stands," will find out that without the aid of Cleveland stereotypes, the opera house, at least in Canton, will be crowded, and it is disposed to feel that to their advantage to make their engagements directly with the respective local managers rather than with speculative go-betweens. The artists of the expanded profession on a night fully appreciate the progress in erecting opera houses for "one-night stands" during the last few years in Ohio, and if the *Herald*'s scribbles, or their managers, will attend to their own business as these "one-night stands" always will, it would be to the mutual benefit of both parties. No worthy star will entertain with disrespect.

Yours respectfully,
LESLIE SHANLEY,
Proprietor, Canton, Ohio.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Holiday Receipts.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CINCINNATI, Dec. 27.—The receipts for Christmas Day performances at all the houses approximated \$10,000—two performances each. Grand, \$3,400; Robinson's, \$2,800; Heuck's, \$2,000; Coliseum, \$1,500. The attaches of the Coliseum presented Manager Fennessy with a gold-headed cane.

The White Slave Under Way Again.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CLEVELAND, Dec. 27.—The White Slave company, after a week's rest, opened to a packed matinee on Christmas Day. There was a full house on Tuesday night. The Euclid Opera House, where the Salisbury Troubadours are putting in a week, was overflowed at three performances on Monday and Tuesday.

From a Hoosier Town.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
RICHMOND, Ind., Dec. 27.—The Wilbur Opera company played to over one thousand dollars at two performances on Monday—the largest receipts ever known here.

Chris and Lena.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ALBANY, Dec. 27.—Baker and Farron opened a week's engagement at the Leland on Monday afternoon to a big house. They had a very large audience in the evening, and a fair house last night. Max Muller will be put on Friday and Saturday.

Stanley Goes Up and Then Catches On.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DETROIT, Dec. 27.—Ernest Stanley's American-Anglican Allied Shows are a thing of the past. Stanley becomes business manager for James O'Neill, who fills his dates here. All the houses drew large holiday audiences.

The Quaker City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.—The Romany Rye was presented at Haverley's at the Christmas matinee. Both at the afternoon and evening performance the house was packed to the very doors by a large and noisy holiday crowd. F. F. Mackay, as Joe Heckett, is the leading light; but the company is a good one and fairly balanced throughout. Emma Stockman was announced on the bills to play the rôle of Gertrude Heckett. May Davenport (Mrs. Willie Seymour), however, enacted the part, which is one well suited to her ability.

John McCullough appeared Monday evening as Virginius, and the Opera House was thronged by an enthusiastic audience. For the Christmas matinee The Hunchback was performed, and Mr. McCullough impersonated, for the first time in this city, the rôle of Master Walter. The star generously offered the play named in order to afford Miss Forsythe an opportunity to show the progress she has made. The young actress made a good impression in the rôle of Julia.

The Rankins drew big houses at the Arch. At the Walnut, Robson and Crane, in Forbidden Fruit, delighted a large audience at both performances. Iolanthe crowded the Lyceum day and night.

Down in Maine.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
BANGOR, Dec. 27.—Emma Abbott sang Lucia last night, and a crowded house gave her an ovation. She was recalled after each number.

An Undeniable Hit.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ZANESVILLE, O., Dec. 27.—The Girl That I Love was presented at Schultz's Opera House on Christmas afternoon and evening. Every seat was sold for the latter performance, and every available space was occupied by "standees." The piece made an undeniable hit.

The Nilsson Tour.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DENVER, Dec. 27.—The Nilsson receipts on Saturday were \$7,588, and on Tuesday \$5,300. Leavitt's Minstrels drew \$2,123 Christmas day and evening. Advance sales for the week large.

Our Swedish citizens turned out in procession in honor of Nilsson on Friday. Arches were built on Sixteenth street.

Doings in Rochester.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Lillian Spencer presented Article 47 to fine audience at the Academy Christmas; same can be said to-night. Rhea's prospects for a fine business last half of the week are very favorable.

Rose Eyttinge to good houses at the Grand Monday and Tuesday nights. East Lynne and The Princess of Paris were the productions. Billy Rice's Minstrels to-night.

Notes from the Interior.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
SYRACUSE, Dec. 27.—The Christmas business at the Wieting was very large. Lawrence Barrett holding the boards on that date. Barrett never was a great favorite in Syracuse. Besides, his Shylock is a distasteful play to most

theatre-goers. Sam Hague's British Minstrels played last night to excellent business. Their vocal and instrumental music was simply grand and was greeted by rounds of applause.

Catherine Lewis opened at the Grand for three nights. During the engagement Olivette and Mascotte will be given. Business very good.

Burnt Cork and Tragedy.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 27.—On Monday night, Thatcher, Primrose and West drew the largest audience ever gathered in Utica. Afternoon and evening performances netted over \$1,700. They drew like a circus.

Lawrence Barrett had an immense house last night. Julius Caesar was presented.

From the Pacific Slope.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.—All of the five legitimate houses were packed on Christmas, day and night; but half houses were the rule last night. Regular patronage will not support so many theatres, and some of them must go to the wall. Youth is splendidly produced at the Grand, and will undoubtedly have the call.

The Cream City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
MILWAUKEE, Dec. 27.—The Wyndham company has created a furore among the lovers of pure comedy. The audiences at the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday were very large. A more thoroughly enjoyable performance has not been seen here in some time. The Fay Templeton troupe is having large business at the Academy. But Fay and Crane overdo the "Gobble" business in The Mascotte.

Lillian Spencer Shot.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ROCHESTER, Dec. 26.—Lillian Spencer was accidentally shot in the gambling scene of The Creole to-night. The shot took effect in her cheek, inflicting a bad but not dangerous wound. There was a good deal of excitement among the audience. The manager says all dates after Rochester will be filled.

In Virginia.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 27.—Barry and Fay's Comedy company appeared on Monday and Tuesday nights to large audiences, which laughed heartily at Muldoon's Picnic.

Among the Miners.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
WILKESBARE, Dec. 27.—Philadelphia Opera company presented Billie Taylor in the afternoon and Patience in the evening of Christmas to large audiences.

Clerical and Professional Inebriates.

A reporter of THE MIRROR recently interviewed the Superintendent of the largest inebriate asylum in the State—not in quest of personal advice or treatment, but simply to obtain certain facts. They were developed in the conversation that ensued.

"Do actors come here for treatment?" asked the newspaper man.

"Not often," replied the Superintendent.

"Now and then an actor is put in our care, but very rarely."

"Is drunkenness less prevalent among the profession than among other classes?"

"I believe so. The majority of actors drink; but they drink moderately."

"How long is it since an actor was confined in this asylum?"

"There is one here at the present moment. He came here voluntarily last Summer, and I think he is cured sufficiently to discharge in a few days."

"What is his name?"

"I can give it you, but not for publication."

The reporter could not place the actor on learning his name, never having heard it before.

"If he is an actor he certainly is not widely known among his brethren."

"I suppose not. In fact, he says he has not engaged in his profession for several years, and he contracted the disease after he left the stage."

"Have you had other actors in your charge recently?"

"No. This is only the second one I can recall, and I have been connected with this institution for eight years."

"Are there many people of other professions here now?"

"Yes, there are nine clergymen, several lawyers, and some doctors. As a rule, all patients are men of means and education. The poor are usually arrested and sent to jail or the workhouse. Men of means or men with friends who have money come here, where they can, with a small outlay, procure the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel."

"How do you account for the fact that there are more clergymen than actors in this establishment?"

"I scarcely can answer that question, as I have never looked into the matter. The actor has to submit his appetite to certain restrictions in order to attend to his duties. All considerations of morality aside, it is the same with ministers. Of course the men of God outnumber the men of Thespis. Yet allowing for the proportion, the average of inebriates among clergymen is far greater, according to my experience. With men who have been surrounded by good influences from childhood, misfortune or grief is most apt to bring them to drink. You may be able to deduce some explanation of the singular fact given you."

her face and a restlessness of manner that indicated her half-formed suspicion of foul play. As it grew later, Madame Rathburn became greatly alarmed at Edith's prolonged absence, and appealing to Helen for her opinion, the latter suggested that Miss Edith had probably met Robert Rathburn and they were riding by moonlight. At that moment, however, he entered the room.

"Where's Edith," eagerly inquired his aunt. "I don't know; is she not here?" "No; she went on her usual ride with Thomas and has not yet returned."

"What, so late! I fear some accident has happened, and will go immediately and search."

Minutes lengthened into hours and still there were no tidings of the missing girl. Madame Rathburn became almost frantic with anxiety; stimulants were administered, and fears were sent in every direction; but their errands proved fruitless. About midnight Robert came in, and a glance at his face told that he, too, had been unsuccessful in his search. He endeavored to console his aunt, but without avail.

Suddenly there was a sharp peal of the bell, and a servant, hastily entering, handed Madame Rathburn a letter. She took it in her trembling hands; but, too agitated to read, handed it to Robert, saying: "Read it quickly and let me know the worst."

He broke the seal and, hurriedly glancing at the contents, fell back in his chair with the exclamation, "Great God!" Madame Rathburn, stretching out her hand, repeated: "Read it, Robert, in Heaven's name, read it to me!" He took up the letter and read:

DEAR AUNT: When you receive this I shall be the wife of my cousin, Henry Rathburn. I have always loved him; but knowing that you disliked him because of his wild and roving army life, I have concealed the fact from you. Forgive me if the news causes you pain. I am happy. We leave for France to-night, and on my return you will receive me as your own.

"Stop; read no more, Robert! The ungrateful girl on whom I have lavished love, wealth, and everything, Oh, it is cruel to leave me thus!" Then turning to Helen, who was standing near the bed, she said: "Did you know anything of this attachment between Henry Rathburn and Edith?"

"No, Madame; nothing whatever."

"You were always true to me, Helen, and I was right when I made my will in your behalf."

Then addressing her nephew, she said: "Go to my secretary, Robert, and bring me the small ebony box containing my private papers. I divided my fortune between you and Edith; but I'll change the will—I'll change the will. The ingrate!"

"Helen, you better wait until you are less excited, aunt."

"No, bring it to me now; I'll destroy it and do justice to those who show me gratitude."

At this moment Helen started to leave the room.

"Stay, Helen," said Madame Rathburn; "it is for you that I would provide."

Robert brought the box and handed it to his aunt, who, opening it, took out the will and passing it to Robert, said: "Read it."

Helen turned deadly pale and sank into a chair. Robert read:

"I hereby give and bequeath to Helen Newton all my—"

"Stop, do not read that! That is not in the will," said Madame Rathburn; "let me see that paper." She took it, and turning it over, observed: "This is remarkable. I thought this will lost long ago."

Then looking toward Helen, she asked, "How is this?" Helen could not speak, and nervously clutched the chair on which she sat.

Madame Rathburn, full of excitement, said: "Robert, search for that other will; there has been foul play somewhere." He searched, but without result.

"It must be in the secretary," remarked Madame Rathburn. Helen, recovering her self-possession, replied: "I saw Miss Edith at the secretary this morning, Madame; perhaps she has it."

"Impossible, impossible," answered Madame Rathburn; "such a thing could not have happened."

"Stranger things have happened since your illness," returned Helen.

Robert, rising suddenly from his chair, confronted the governess and said: "Be done with this; it is an outrage, and I will not believe it except from her own lips. She is too pure and noble to do such a thing. It is some vile plot."

"What do you say to the letter, Mr. Rathburn; is not that Miss Rathburn's handwriting?"

"It looks like it, Miss Newton; but even of that I will not be positive, for forgeries are not uncommon things."

Dawn was breaking through the Eastern windows of the mansion, the occupants of which had passed an anxious and sleepless night, when a carriage stopped at the front entrance. A gray-haired man descended from it and rang the bell. The door being opened, he lifted the slight, limp figure of a young girl in his arms and bore her into the house.

while Edith was conveyed to her apartment and a physician summoned. The latter ordered absolute quiet, saying that time alone would undo the injury, and that nothing of an exciting nature must occur in her presence, even after consciousness returned.

Robert hastened to his aunt's apartment and related what had occurred. She besought him to bring Edith to her room in order that she might see for herself that her ward was still alive. Robert told her that this was impossible, but that everything would be done that was necessary.

"Send Helen to me instantly, Robert."

"She has disappeared, aunt, and can be found nowhere."

"Now I see through it all; it was a conspiracy. She has had an accomplice. Where is Ludwig?"

"He has not been here since yesterday, aunt, and perhaps is a party to the plot."

"I see it all; I see it all, and let us at once put the detectives on the track and trace this crime, for crime it must be, to the end. That will which was substituted for the one made in favor of Edith, was made some years ago when Helen first came to live with me, and the day I had the other made the whole house was searched in vain. I came to the conclusion that it had been burned by mistake, together with other papers. That awful girl Helen, however, must have had it in her possession, and when she knew that the other will was made, determined to bide her time when she could destroy it and substitute the will made in her own behalf; and only think, she tried to make me believe that Edith had taken it! Robert, this must be sifted to the very bottom, and the guilty ones punished. They probably thought that the shock occasioned by this letter would either kill or completely paralyze me, in which case the will in favor of Helen would have been declared legal; but, thank God, they have been frustrated. Now go to my child, Robert, and see that she needs nothing."

Edith remained in an unconscious condition for many days, during which in her delirium she implored her attendants to take her home away from the gloom of the old castle. She seemed to think of this and this only.

One morning, while Robert was sitting by her bedside, she suddenly opened her eyes, and turning to him with a glad look of recognition, said:

"Robert, where am I—where have I been? Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream."

Then putting both hands to her forehead and looking earnestly at him, she added: "No, it was not a dream either. It is a terrible reality and I see it all now. I remember, riding over to the old castle and dismounting to gather ferns. I left my horse in charge of Thomas, and wandering about the grounds, became separated from him. When I went to look where I had tethered my horse, he was not there. I searched the grounds and called until I was hoarse; but there was no response. Thoroughly frightened by this time, I made my way in the direction of the drawbridge, when, to my horror, I found that it was raised and I was cut off from the main land. It was growing late and every moment lessened my chances of escape from a terrible imprisonment. Looking over the banks of the stream, a strange fascination seized me. I thought I would rather trust myself to the mercy of the silent waters than to the treachery of those by whom I had been entrapped. Then I thought of you, Robert, and of dear aunt, and wandered back into the recesses of the old castle. All the ghastly legends of the place came fresh to my memory, for the castle, you know, has been a rendezvous of goblins for scores of years. I watched the moon rise and go down; saw the lights grow dim in the distant dwellings; heard the owls and night birds scream around me, and then I fell on my knees and prayed. I stretched my hand toward my own home and implored you to come and save me. Then a cold, sickly feeling stole over me and I sank on the stone steps; after that, all was blank. It seems now as if I had just awakened. How did I get here, Robert?"

"Ransom, the old keeper, brought you here, darling. He found you on the steps where you had fallen."

"What excuse does Thomas give for his conduct?" inquired Edith.

"He has not appeared since that evening," replied Robert.

"What! He has disappeared?"

"Yes. But we will not talk about that now, Edith."

"Why has Helen not been in to see me, Robert?"

"She too has disappeared, Helen."

"And was she also one of the conspirators?"

"I think it was a triple conspiracy: Helen, Ludwig and Thomas all disappeared simultaneously, and the surmise is that all of them were interested."

"But why should I have been made the victim, Robert? I who have never harmed either one of them by thought or word?"

"The innocent often suffer for the guilty; but depend upon it, justice shall be satisfied. I will leave you now and prepare auntie for your coming."

Robert found Madame Rathburn greatly excited at the near prospect of seeing Edith and hearing from her own lips the recital of her wrongs. It was like receiving her from the grave, and the old love was rekindled.

The meeting of the two invalids was touching in the extreme. Taking the face of Edith between both hands, Madame Rathburn looked earnestly at her and said, "And you are not married, darling?"

"Married? Why, what a strange question! Did you dream that I was married?"

"No, I did not dream it; but a letter came the night you were absent, apparently in your handwriting, in which it was stated that you had married Henry Rathburn, your cousin, and started for France."

"Oh, this is too terrible!" said Edith, "show me the letter."

"Robert, give it to her, and let her see the diabolical plot of which she has been made the innocent victim."

Edith seized the letter, read it through, and seemed transfixed with astonishment. Looking earnestly first at Robert and then at Madame Rathburn, she exclaimed: "Why am I singled out and made to suffer as the object of these vile schemes?"

At this moment a servant announced the name of a gentleman who had called to see Mr. Robert Rathburn. The latter descended to the library and found awaiting him an officer of the law. He had called, he said, to report the arrest of all the parties to the villainy; that the groom Thomas was beside himself with grief, and had made a full confession, and begged to be allowed to come to the mansion and ask for forgiveness.

While this conversation was in progress, the bell rang and Thomas made his appearance, guarded by an officer. He walked straight on

to Robert and said: "Oh, in God's name, Mither Robert, will ye be after forgiving me? Shure it was the devil himself that got into me and made me listen to that Mither Ludwig when he towld me to lave Miss Edith in that cold castle by herself. Every night since, I've seen the blessed crathur stark and cowl on the ground wid nothing but a sthorne for a pillow."

"How much money did you get for your diabolical act?" inquired Robert.

"Arrah, shure, it's never a cent, Mither Robert. The two of them thought the news of that letter would kill the mistress intirely, and they would be after stepping into Rathburn Manor; but, bad luck to them, the devil broke company wid the rascals, and it's as poor as myself they are this day. But the young mistress, how is she?"

"She is better, Thomas, thanks to a kind Providence that prevented the success of the dark scheme for which you must answer at the bar of Justice."

"Ah, Mr. Robert," said Thomas, weeping bitterly, "is it yourself that's going to turn me off this night—me that was raised on this place and has brought the Christmas bushes every year to dress the old house, and now that Christmas is coming, is it meself that will be in prison?"

"I'm sorry for you, Thomas; but you must answer to the charges against you before the Judge."

The penitent fellow was then led away by the officer, but not until Robert had promised to appear at the trial and intercede in his behalf.

Robert now returned to the room of his aunt, who had meanwhile sent for a lawyer to have a will drawn, carrying out her original intentions toward Edith and her nephew. She then called both of them to her bedside and said: "My children, I shall not be with you much longer, and I desire to see you married and happy before I die. Christmas will soon be here, and we will make it a double festival; what say you? We will have the house dressed in holiday attire; and I will be lifted into my chair and rolled into the parlor, where music and dancing and your own happiness shall dissipate the gloom that of late has hung around this place."

The young couple exchanged tender looks, and Edith was the first to speak. Leaning over Madame Rathburn and kissing her sweetly, she said, "Your wish has always been my pleasure, dear aunt, and it shall be so now. Then turning to Robert, her eyes full of love, she added, "I don't think time can make our affection any stronger, do you, Robert?"

"No, my dear; the bonds that are forged by love and confidence do not need the stamp of time to prove their genuineness."

"Then take me as your Christmas gift," she replied, frankly placing both hands in his. He folded her in his arms and tears or joy filled the eyes of Madame Rathburn.

Preparations for the wedding were made on a grand scale, and on Christmas Eve the mansion resembled a floral palace. The bride was attired in a magnificent dress of cream-white satin covered with old point, and wore a veil of the same rich material. The Rathburn jewels sparkled on her neck and arms. Robert was the embodiment of happiness and manly beauty. The clergyman had just pronounced them man and wife, and they were receiving the congratulations of the assembled guests, when a nun in sombre dress entered the room and, advancing to Edith, took her hand, and kissing it said: "You have won; I have lost. You enter the world with a bright future before you; I leave it with only the remembrance of my crime. I sought to plant a serpent in your path; but it recoiled and followed mine. Forgive me, Edith; we shall never meet again."

Then, kissing Edith's hand, she turned and left the room.

Silence reigned for a moment, and Edith, looking as if one from the dead had addressed her, said: "That is Helen Newton; poor girl, she has punished herself!"

At the trial of the three conspirators, Ludwig was confronted by his wife and child, whom he had deserted for the purpose of marrying Helen and securing the property which he believed would be left to her from the Rathburn estate. He refused, however, to recognize them, and the wife, seeing that her efforts were vain, drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot.

Helen, finding what a villain she had sacrificed her hope of happiness for, confessed her participation in the plot and in view of the fact that she had been simply the tool of Ludwig, she was acquitted, and immediately entered a convent, where she hoped, as a Sister of Charity, to atone in some measure for the sins of the past.

Thomas was sent to prison; but owing to the intervention of Robert Rathburn was pardoned after a few months' confinement and left the country.

The marriage bells rang merrily; music and the perfume of flowers filled the air. The yule-log burned brightly on the hearth, and the Christmas berries glistened in the light. When the guests departed Robert and Edith approached Madame Rathburn, who was still reclining in her chair, apparently so happy that one could almost imagine a halo around her head, and kneeling by her side and folding the invalid in her arms, Edith said: "At last, dear aunt, the contest is ended. The foe fought desperately; but love has triumphed and our enemies have been baffled."

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The Giddy Gusher



ON PAULINES.

Something brought The Lady of Lyons to the front this morning, and your Gusher began to think over the Paulines of her acquaintance. They have been many, various, of all conditions and sizes. The youngest was little Julia Wyatt; the oldest, an ancient dame who was stage-struck during the last century, and brought herself out as Pauline when she was in the fifties; the prettiest was Sallie St. Clair; the fiercest was Mrs. Waller; the fattest was Carlotta LeClerc; and the funniest was poor Annie Seuter.

George Wyatt, the eccentric manager who rode the circuit of the Eastern towns many years ago, had two adopted daughters, at that time nine and ten years old—Julia and Helen. He drilled these children in Romeo and Juliet, Pauline and Claude, and Camille and Armand, and with the rest of the cast full size, did those astonished plays, Lady of Lyons, Camille, and The Loves of the Capulets. It was a lively series of performances. The Connecticut cutters took 'em in good part—saw no incongruity in the idea; but the little Gusher just howled and had lots of fun by herself. Poor John Flood (very much like Barrymore, and full as tall) would be the Beausant; old Bader Pratt (as big as John Gilbert) did Monsieur Deschappelles; Wyatt himself, weighing two hundred and fifty (the size of John Duff), played Damas; Mrs. Wyatt, an Irish woman with a brogue like Castle Garden, did the Widow; and Julia, aged nine, and small for her age, whisked around with a train the size of a kitchen apron, denouncing the villain Beausant, who stooped over her in order to hear that his base proposals were properly refused. Then Helen, as the Prince, two sizes larger than her sister, would enter on the scene, and George Wyatt would almost go on all fours to fight the combat with his three-foot adversary.

Those were great days for the drama. Both New York and Connecticut suffered, for down here the wife of a lawyer named McMahon—Pauline on the brain and made her appearance in the character. She was a hard-featured, awkward woman of more than middle age. She had no more dramatic ability than the statue of Abe Lincoln on Union Square; but she ramped through the lines and made the most forlorn and antique Pauline that the Gusher ever saw.

Then there was the heavy-weight Pauline. At some benefit, where slices of most everything went into the bill, McCullough did Claude (and I don't hanker after John's Claude) and Carlotta LeClerc did the Lady of Lyons. One act—that was all; but it was enough. The cottage act, I think it was, and Carlotta, in an extremely low-necked dress, filled me with apprehension. At that time she was very fat—whatever she is now—and she looked for all the world as if she were built of calves-foot jelly. She shook and surged and billowed about, and I thought, "Great Heavens! if she should stop over?" And she came precious near it so often that the danger was excitingly disagreeable. She threw up her arms in her distress, and the pink meat gurgled around the bones. Oh! a succulent and juicy Pauline was Carlotta, and John who was a lighter man than now by a good many pounds, danced around her as if he was almost pleased at his repulse and wouldn't have known what to do with her had she viewed him more favorably. The stairs crackled as the Widow led her off to the attic room and I never saw a scarer man than John when she seemed to relent with an awful creak on the fourth stair, nor greater relief on the human countenance than on his when she finally disappeared.

For a good, determined old pump of a Pauline with whom no Claude would play tricks, commend me to Mrs. Waller. I struck her up in Troy, some few years ago, doing The Hunchback and The Lady of Lyons. She took it out of Julia with a fierceness that boded no good to Clifford when she said, "I vow I'm twenty." The truth-loving editor of the Budget groaned. And when she cried, "Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" a boy upstairs sung out, "Because he's paralyzed!" You know how one gets fascinated by the terrible, and I went next night to see Pauline and I never shall forget it. She was as frigid as the North Pole. I could have gone skating all round her. She chilled our young blood; but she had deeper depths of horror, and behold! the third night I took in the Duchess of Malfi—and here occurred an accident that, before dissecting any more Paulines, I must tell you.

You remember that cheerful dramatized nightmare, the Duchess? In the last act, murder, arson, treachery and treason have done their bloody work. Mrs. Malfi is in a fourth-proof mad-house—clean daft—she weeps and wails, she shrieks with demoniac laughter, she sees things—she crouches, she prowls, she cavorts about the stage apostrophizing air-drawn children and deceased grandparents, while all the time from under the stage came the fitful wails of incarcerated companions in madness. To accomplish the "cries outside" properly, the members of the company sat in the green-room, jolly as sand-boys; the prompter bored a hole by the green-room through it; old Daddy Seuter, underneath, sat on a high stool, with the tape in his hand. When a howl was needed, the prompter, pulled his string, and the howl came, and the howl was of various natures, some great fun, and for the last act the

Gusher went round behind to lend a merry little howl to the band.

It happened this particular night that after one series of groans, when the action of the play demanded a rest, Lane, the property man, caught a cracking big rat, and all the company, including Daddy Herbert, forsook the green-room to look at it. I was poring over a book of the play, when I saw the tape string wiggling like mad in a wild search for the wails of the demented. Now, the Gusher has lungs of immense capacity, but she longs for innovations; so instead of raising her dulcet voice in a double-barrelled yell, she grabbed one of those twisted brass instruments, called a trombone, that a member of the company had left behind when he joined the rat-hunt. She bent her energy to the getting out of it all the wickedness that lays in a trombone. My senses, what a row! Prolonged toots, like an express coming round a curve; young shrieks that, full-grown, would have crowded ear-infirmaries; a variety of notes that only a steam calliope could rival. "In love and pleased with ruin," fascinated by the dread instrument, still blew I on. What mattered if the string long since had ceased to vibrate? What mattered if Mrs. Waller was at white-heat up stairs and the audience in roars of laughter? I was playing the trombone to the Queen's taste, and until David Waller, Harry Hotto and Maurice Pike wrested the instrument from my grasp, I just warmed up the Duchess of Malfi and made things very funny for everybody—but myself; I caught it.

I was going to tell you of a very droll performance of Pauline that happened at this same Adelphi Theatre. The star was a pretty little woman; but it turned out she hadn't made much of "a head," as they say in Dublin. We went from Troy down to Albany to visit the Western girls during the day, and to fortify us against a sleigh-ride back to Troy, Lucille compounded some seductive hot stuff of whisky, eggs, milk and brandy. I never knew eggs and milk to behave so in a custard, but in this instance they raised the mischief. The nearer we got to Troy the worse Pauline became; but she pulled herself together and got through fairly till the time she enters and is told by her parents the Prince must leave them. Here Pauline lost her bearings. She gravely turned to the old folks and began Desdemona's speech:

I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound by birth and education.
My birth and education both do teach me
How to respect you; but here's my husband, etc., etc.

Charley Salisbury was doing the Dad; he promptly went on:

My life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf
And that which should accompany old age,
Love, obedience, honor, troops of friends,
I have not; but in their place, curses, not loud, but deep,
And one fair daughter tigher than a peep.

It was lovely! My space is as full as Pauline was, and I have ninety-six more Paulines to go over, and only room to say Happy New Year to my friends before signing myself
THE GIDDY GUSHER.

News from Jamaica.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W. I.,
Nov. 20, 1882.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

An advertisement headed "A Winter in the Tropics" induced me to come to this the hottest and most uncomfortable of islands. The thermometer ranges in the nineties, and night and day are equally unpleasant. Hotels, from the American, and even English standpoint, do not exist; but, instead, we have "board and lodgings" as a miserable substitute. Walking is not to be thought of after a residence of a few days. The natives recognize the newly-arrived American by his hurried walk; but custom and weariness makes him copy the snail-like crawl and *laissez aller* manner of those native and to the manner born. Hacks are cheap and plentiful, however, mules and niggers seeming to be indigenous to the soil.

The theatre is a simplified version of Drury Lane. Our opening was a gala day for the inhabitants. Outside the theatre crowds of negroes, selling lemonade, bananas, oranges and fruit of every description, were squatted on the earth with candles in bottles or lanterns, and a basket containing their wares in front of them, and they made night hideous with their bawling. The whole colored population of the city seemed to be congregated in our radius discussing the political horizon, which is somewhat clouded, and the dramatic horizon, of which their finances only afforded them an uncertain conjecture. Still, they remained till the performance was concluded, out of compliment presumably to William Shakespeare, whom they reverence.

The theatre now is quite a palace to what it has been. A new and enlarged stage has been put in. Chairs have taken the place of benches. Scenery of the highest description has replaced the dingy attempts of the local painter, and the scorpion who revelled in the rotten timbers has sought fresh fields and pastures new. During our four weeks here the manager, Mr. Burroughs, has put on every piece without doubles; given them new scenery and made the *mise en scene* thoroughly complete for such pieces as Hamlet, Richelieu, Money, etc., etc.

Still, we are not successful from a monetary point. They admit never before have their scenic and other wants been so attended to; but Kingston is too poor to maintain a company at such expense. For the legitimate, too, their taste is somewhat extraordinary. You will see them with the text of Shakespeare in the auditorium wildly endeavoring to catch up with Richard or marvelling at an acting omission; added to which the bulk of the white population are as familiar with the immortal Bard as household words. This has the effect of making them hypercritical. They are enthusiastic in their applause, and the comedian does not work in vain. The bulk of the creole population are Hebrew, who patronize the theatre strongly. The city in its tastes and patronage is, however, mainly led by the "Crown Officers" sent out from England to rule the Colony and fatten on its taxation, and the military officers, who are the *haut ton*. These are hard to please; but the average Jamaican is thankful for the gifts

heaven gives. I have heard my friend Moses Fiske relate that West Indian story, which is familiar to your readers; but thought it was a playful exaggeration. Inquiry here from a resident convinced me otherwise. He said: "Oh, yes, there was a fellow here who advertised a waxwork exhibition; but it was an awful do. He had brought ten or twelve little boys all dressed up, and he brought one fellow down to the front and said: 'This is Benjamin Franklin.' Well, they wouldn't stand that, you know, so they went for him, and by George they'd have killed him, too, if it had not been for the constabulary." Oh, Moses! oh, Mrs. Jarley. This accounts for their love of realistic and Shakespearean acting.

Another peculiarity of the Jamaican is that he will criticize you freely from his standpoint and cite Macready, Brooke and other departed glories; but he will never acknowledge that dramatic genius ever could emanate from an American. Will Holland, an old-time manager and tragedian, is located here permanently, but has discarded the sock and buskin, and, as a Boniface, seems to be a success. Fever is our worst enemy—not yellow fever, but one peculiar to the climate, which has sickened about half of the company in turn. We produce Patience next week and I subjoin the cast:

Patience.....Virginia Fairfax
Angela.....Inez Mitchell
Saphir.....Louise Foster
Lady Jane.....Mrs. Wallace Brittain
Bunthorne.....Harry Lindsey
Colonel.....John Sutherland
Duke.....J. R. Slavin
Grosvener.....H. Gale
Solicitor.....H. Woodall

Frank Wilton, a very promising actor, leaves on account of climatic influences, and will be missed in our ranks. The company received an accession in the person of A. H. Warren, who debuted Saturday last as Baradas. Our stay may be limited to two weeks more, when probably Demerara, Barbadoes, etc., will be our "stamping ground." Yours, truly,
HARRY LINDLEY,
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